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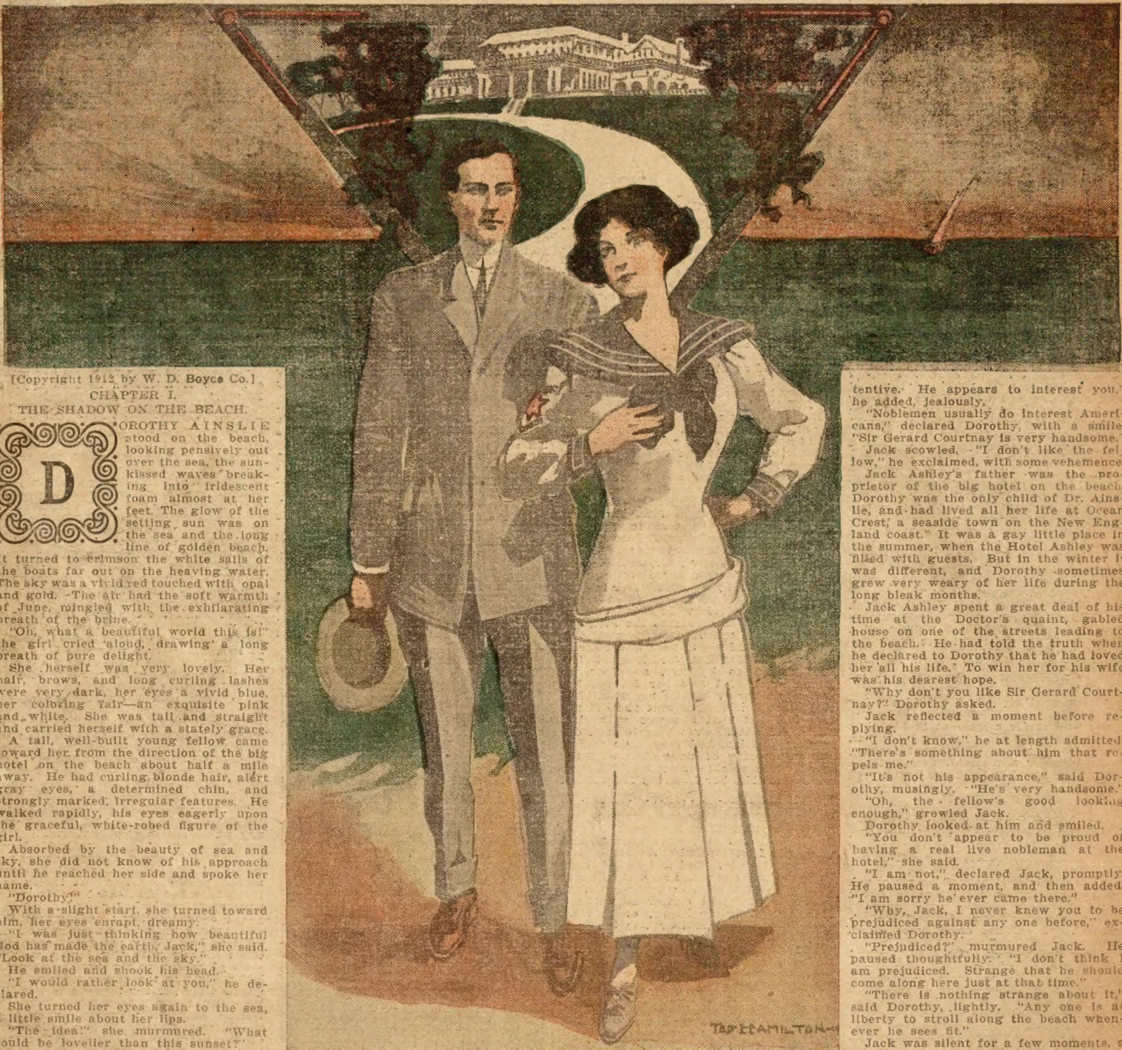
Escaping The Snare

By Emma Howard Wight.



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CHAPTER I.

THE SHADOW ON THE BEACH.

DOROTHY AINSLIE stood on the beach, looking pensively out over the sea, the sun-kissed waves breaking into iridescent foam almost at her feet. The glow of the setting sun was on the sea and the long line of golden beach. It turned to crimson the white sails of the boats far out on the heaving water. The sky was a vivid red touched with opal and gold. The air had the soft warmth of June, mingled with the exhilarating breath of the brine.

"Oh, what a beautiful world this is!" the girl cried aloud, drawing a long breath of pure delight.

She herself was very lovely. Her hair, brows, and long curling lashes were very dark, her eyes a vivid blue, her coloring fair—an exquisite pink and white. She was tall and straight and carried herself with a stately grace.

A tall, well-built young fellow came toward her from the direction of the big hotel on the beach about half a mile away. He had curling blonde hair, alert gray eyes, a determined chin, and strongly marked, irregular features. He walked rapidly, his eyes eagerly upon the graceful, white-robed figure of the girl.

Absorbed by the beauty of sea and sky, she did not know of his approach until he reached her side and spoke her name.

"Dorothy!"

With a slight start, she turned toward him, her eyes enrapt, dreamy.

"I was just thinking how beautiful God has made the earth, Jack," she said. "Look at the sea and the sky."

He smiled and shook his head.

"I would rather look at you," he declared.

She turned her eyes again to the sea, a little smile about her lips.

"The idea!" she murmured. "What could be lovelier than this sunset?"

"You," he answered softly. "There is nothing in all the world so beautiful to me as you."

"Nonsense, Jack!" she murmured, rather lightly.

"Nothing so beautiful and nothing so dear," he continued. "You know that, Dorothy; you know that I love you."

She did not speak for a moment, then she said softly:

"Yes, Jack, I know it."

"I have loved you all my life. I cannot remember the time when I did not love you better than anything in all the world." He drew a little nearer to her and took her hand in his. "Dorothy, you do care for me, don't you?"

"Yes, Jack, I do care for you," she replied. "I have known you all my life, and you have always been so good to me."

"And you will marry me, Dorothy?"

Before she had time to make any reply, a shadow fell between them, the distorted shadow of a man on the beach. Dorothy started, quickly withdrawing her hand from Jack's. A man, dark and handsome, passed them, with a swift curious glance at the girl.

"Who is that, Jack?" Dorothy asked quickly.

"Sir Gerard Courtnay," replied Jack, frowning. The inopportune appearance of the man had annoyed him.

"Who is Sir Gerard Courtnay?" queried Dorothy.

"An English nobleman who is stopping at the hotel," Jack explained, not too well pleased at Dorothy's undisguised interest.

"An English nobleman," repeated Dorothy, slowly. "Is he rich? Noblemen are usually poor, aren't they?"

"Those who come to America in search of a rich wife are poor," answered Jack, grimly. "This fellow appears to have plenty of money."

"Then I suppose he isn't in quest of a rich wife," declared Dorothy.

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Jack, frankly bored and rather inclined to be jealous of the interest she was displaying in the handsome baronet. "There is a rich New York woman, a Miss Cromwell, at the hotel, to whom he is very attentive. He appears to interest you," he added, jealously.

"Noblemen usually do interest Americans," declared Dorothy, with a smile. "Sir Gerard Courtnay is very handsome."

Jack scowled. "I don't like the fellow," he exclaimed, with some vehemence.

Jack Ashley's father was the proprietor of the big hotel on the beach. Dorothy was the only child of Dr. Ainslie, and had lived all her life at Ocean Crest, a seaside town on the New England coast. It was a gay little place in the summer, when the Hotel Ashley was filled with guests. But in the winter it was different, and Dorothy sometimes grew very weary of her life during the long bleak months.

Jack Ashley spent a great deal of his time at the Doctor's quaint, gabled house on one of the streets leading to the beach. He had told the truth when he declared to Dorothy that he had loved her all his life. To win her for his wife was his dearest hope.

"Why don't you like Sir Gerard Courtnay?" Dorothy asked.

Jack reflected a moment before replying.

"I don't know," he at length admitted. "There's something about him that repels me."

"It's not his appearance," said Dorothy, musingly. "He's very handsome."

"Oh, the fellow's good looking enough," growled Jack.

Dorothy looked at him and smiled.

"You don't appear to be proud of having a real live nobleman at the hotel," she said.

"I am not," declared Jack, promptly. He paused a moment, and then added. "I am sorry he ever came there."

"Why, Jack, I never knew you to be prejudiced against any one before," exclaimed Dorothy.

"Prejudiced?" murmured Jack. He paused thoughtfully. "I don't think I am prejudiced. Strange that he should come along here just at that time."

"There is nothing strange about it," said Dorothy, lightly. "Any one is at liberty to stroll along the beach whenever he sees fit."

Jack was silent for a few moments, a grave look on his face. He was thinking how the shadow of Sir Gerard Courtnay had suddenly come between him and Dorothy at the very moment when he had asked her to become his wife. A vague presentiment of evil crept over him. He turned to Dorothy.

"Dorothy, give me my answer," he pleaded. "Will you marry me?"

"I cannot give you an answer now, Jack," she replied, gravely. "I—I am not sure of myself."

"Not sure of yourself?" he murmured, blankly.

She mutely inclined her head.

"You said you were fond of me," urged Jack.

"I am fond of you," she readily admitted. "But I am not sure whether it's the kind of fondness you wish. You've been like a brother to me all my life, Jack. I would miss you if you were to go away, for you seem a part of my life, but my love for you may be that of a sister for a brother. I—I do not know. So you must give me time; you must give me time to know my own heart."

"Dorothy, do you know, can you guess what the uncertainty, the suspense will mean to me?" cried Jack, desperately.

"I am sorry," she said, very gently, but very firmly. "There is nothing else that I can do. You would not wish me to promise to marry you and later find out that I did not love you—in the way you desire, would you?"

"No," he replied, "I do not think I could bear that. I must try to be patient."

The sunset glow had faded from sky and sea, the glory of gold and crimson had given place to the gray of twilight. The warmth of the air had changed to chill, the breaking of the waves, as the tide receded, was like a moan.

Dorothy shivered.

"I must go home," she said.

They walked along the beach in silence. Neither felt inclined to talk. The girl was thinking of the handsome man who had passed them on the beach, the English nobleman, Sir Gerard Courtnay. The dark, intense eyes, as they met hers, had thrilled her, but the sensation was not a pleasant one.

Jack was struggling with the pain of his bitter disappointment. When Dorothy admitted that she cared for him, his heart leaped with hope and joy. He was sure she intended giving him her promise to become his wife. Her indecision, her uncertainty and doubt had proved a sickening shock. He could not rid himself of the impression that the sudden appearance of Sir Gerard Courtnay had had something to do with Dorothy's doubts and indecision. Jack was too practical and healthy-minded to be superstitious, but it gave him an odd, shivery feeling when he thought of how the Englishman's shadow had fallen between him and Dorothy at the very moment that he asked her to become his wife. Was it prophetic? he asked himself.

At the door of Dorothy's home they stopped, and in the shadowy twilight Dorothy looked up into Jack's miserable face and said, very gently:

"Don't look so unhappy, Jack. I cannot bear to see you look like that." Then as he looked at her with a world of passionate appeal in his eyes, she shook her head with a faint smile. "I cannot say anything but what I have already said—you must give me time. If I care for you in the way you wish there will come a time when I will know it."

They were both destined to remember her words.

Jack sighed. "Then there is nothing for me to do but wait till the time comes when you can decide," he said. He paused a moment, then added in a low voice, "That day will make me the happiest man or the most miserable fellow in all the world."

"I hope that it will be in my power to make you happy," she said, softly.

"God grant it," he murmured, with great feeling. "Good night!"

"Won't you come in, Jack?" she asked, a little wistfully. "I know father is home; there is a light in the study. You know he is always glad to see you."

He shook his head.

"Not this evening," he replied. "The Doctor would find me poor company tonight."

"Then good night." She held out her hand to him.

He held it for a moment in his, then very gently released it, lifted his hat, and turned away. She stood looking after him for a moment, then, with a sigh, turned and entered the house.

CHAPTER II.

A REVELATION.

As Dorothy entered the house, Dr. Ainslie, a tall, spare man, with soft dark eyes and a gray beard, came out of the study.

"You are late, Dorothy," he remarked. "I was getting a little uneasy about you."

"I was on the beach, father," she explained. "I did not come home alone. Jack was with me."

"Why didn't Jack come in?" inquired the Doctor.

"I asked him to come in, but he wouldn't." The girl spoke a little self-consciously.

Her father gave her a keen glance.

"Come in here, Dorothy," he said, turning and re-entering the study. She followed him a little reluctantly.

"Has Jack been asking you to marry him?" Dr. Ainslie asked, sitting down in front of his desk and looking at his daughter as she stood a little way off.

Dorothy laughed and gave a little tremulous laugh.

"Why, father, how did you guess?"

Dr. Ainslie smiled.

"Oh, it wasn't very difficult," he replied. "Now, tell me what you said to him?" and he looked at her questioningly, a little anxiously.

"I told him he must wait a while until I was sure I cared for him in the way he wished."

A look of unmistakable disappointment passed over Dr. Ainslie's face.

"I wish you could have given him a different answer," he said.

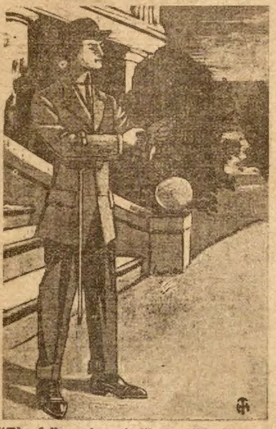
She glanced at him quickly.

"You would like me to marry Jack, father?" she queried.

"Yes," he replied. "There is no man in the world, Dorothy, to whom I would more willingly entrust your happiness." The girl's head drooped and she did not speak. "I knew that Jack Ashley loved you, Dorothy," her father added. "I thought that you cared for him."

"I do care for Jack, father," said Dorothy. "But I am not sure that it is in the way he wishes."

"Then do not marry him until you are sure," counseled Dr. Ainslie, very gravely. "I know whereof I speak," he continued, smiling with great sadness. "I know only too well the misery that follows a marriage where one loves and the other does not." He paused a moment. "Your mother, Dorothy, did not love me."



"The fellow doesn't like me," he mused.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Dorothy, in a shocked voice. She went up to him and put her arm caressingly, pityingly, about his neck.

He looked up at her with great tenderness.

"I want to speak to you of your mother, Dorothy."

Dorothy took a seat beside him, looking at him expectantly. She knew so little of her young mother who had died at her birth. Dr. Ainslie rarely spoke of his wife.

"Twenty-two years ago, Dorothy," Dr. Ainslie began, "your mother came to the Hotel Ashley with a rich widow to whom she was companion, a Mrs. Crawford. This Mrs. Crawford was in the last stages of consumption, and I was called in to attend her. It was in this way I first saw and got to know your mother. You are not like your mother, Dorothy, with the exception of your hair, which is dark like hers. She had very dark eyes and rich brunette coloring. I fell in love with her. If she was aware of the fact, she gave me no encouragement whatever. I hardly think I would have asked her to marry me if Mrs. Crawford had not died. She seemed so helpless, so alone, so friendless, that I told her I loved her and asked her to become my wife. She told me quite frankly that she did not love me, but that she was without a home, did not know where to look for another position, had very little money, and was weary of struggling with the world. She would marry me if I were willing to take her knowing she did not love me.

"I was young, hot-blooded, desperately in love, and was only too glad to marry her, believing that in time I could teach her to love me. We were married, and very soon I realized what a terrible mistake I had made. God knows how hard I tried to win my wife's love, but I never succeeded. We were both miserable. A woman of different caliber might have been comparatively happy, or at least content, but your mother was too fine-fibered to be happy with a man she did not love. I hoped that she would grow to care for me after our baby was born, when I would not be alone her husband, but the father of her child. But when you were born, Dorothy, your mother died."

There was silence for a moment. The girl's eyes were full of tears.

"I don't know how it would have been had God spared her," continued Dr. Ainslie, "but He knows best. She left me you, Dorothy. You who loved me before your baby lips could lisp my name, you who have been my comfort and my joy."

"I won't marry Jack Ashley, father, I won't marry any one!" cried Dorothy, passionately. "I shall stay with you always."

Dr. Ainslie smiled. "I would not be so selfish as that, my dear," he said. "Marry if you are sure you love, Dorothy, but not otherwise. You are your mother's child, and I would rather see you dead than married to a man you do not love."

Dorothy sighed, remembering Jack's pale, unhappy face.

"I have more to tell you, Dorothy, about your mother," continued Dr. Ainslie. "Your mother was the granddaughter of an English baronet."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Dorothy, amazed.

"Your mother's father was the younger son of Sir Bernard Courtnay of Courtnay Manor, Lancashire, England."

Dorothy started.

"Father, there is a young man staying at the Hotel Ashley, an Englishman whose name is Sir Gerard Courtnay," she exclaimed.

"Gerard!" repeated Dr. Ainslie, musingly. "Edward Courtnay, your grandfather's elder brother, had a son named Gerard. Your grandfather married the daughter of his father's lodgekeeper and was disowned by Sir Bernard Courtnay. He came to America with his wife. Your mother was their only child. Her father supported himself and his family by teaching. He and his wife died within a year of each other when your mother was only nineteen. She was thrown upon her own resources and forced to support herself. She was too proud to apply for assistance to her English relatives, who had refused to receive her mother. The Courtnay estates are strictly entailed, descending in the female line as well as the male. When your grandfather married, his elder brother, Edward, had been married for some years, and had two sons, Gerard, five years of age, and Albert, two, so there seemed little likelihood of your mother or her child ever succeeding to the title and estates."

"The title?" murmured Dorothy, questioningly.

"Yes, when the estates fall to a woman, if the child of a daughter, she must take the name of Courtnay, even if married, and is Lady Courtnay, her husband being plain Mr. Courtnay," Dr. Ainslie explained. "This Sir Gerard Courtnay, who is at the hotel, may be your cousin."

The girl did not speak for a moment or so. She was thinking of the attraction the dark, handsome stranger had for her. Was it the call of the blood?

"If he is my cousin, father," she said, at length, "he shall never know of the fact through me," and she lifted her head proudly.

Dr. Ainslie smiled as he arose. "You have your mother's pride, Dorothy," he said. "I wonder if the younger brother of Sir Gerard Courtnay is living? If not, you are your cousin's heir, if he be your cousin."

Dorothy laughed as she arose.

"Even when he is dead, it's not likely that I will ever succeed to the Courtnay estates. Sir Gerard Courtnay will marry and have children," she said.

"Here's Mary come to tell us that supper is waiting," said Dr. Ainslie, as a middle-aged servant woman came into the room.

"No, I've come to tell you there's a gentleman in the parlor that wants to see you," Mary explained, handing Dr. Ainslie a card.

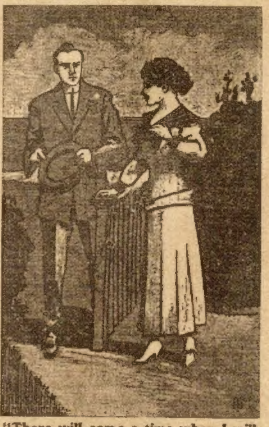
Dr. Ainslie looked down at the card, and an exclamation of surprise left his lips.

"Sir Gerard Courtnay!" he read.

CHAPTER III.

THE MINIATURE.

Upon reaching the hotel, Sir Gerard Courtnay went at once to his room. He switched on the electric light, unlocked one of his traveling cases and took from it a square metal-bound morocco box. This he also unlocked, and took from one of the compartments the miniature of a woman, exquisitely painted on ivory, set round with sapphires. The face was lovely, the hair, brows, and lashes very dark, the eyes blue, the coloring pink white and pink. Sir Gerard Courtnay sat studying the pictured face very intently for some moments.



"There will come a time when I will know it."

"The type of the two faces is too unusual, the resemblance too striking to be accidental," he murmured, at length, as he replaced the miniature in the box and locked it.

He sat for a little time longer in deep thought, then started to his feet, exclaiming:

"I must find out who this girl is!"

He made some changes in his dress, then descended to the hotel lobby. Mathew Ashley, the proprietor of the hotel, was at the desk. Sir Gerard Courtnay approached and entered into conversation with him.

"I passed your son on the beach this afternoon with a very pretty young lady," he remarked, after a few minutes. "I mean that the young lady was with Mr. Ashley," he amended with a smile. "She had dark hair and very fair coloring."

"Oh, that was Dorothy Ainslie," declared Ashley.

"Is she a very particular friend of your son?" queried Sir Gerard with a smile.

"It's an open secret that Jack's in love with Dorothy Ainslie," replied Ashley. "He's loved her ever since she was a child."

"And the young lady?"

"I don't know how she feels toward Jack," was the rather grave answer. "They have always been the best of friends. I hope she does care for him and will one day be his wife. It will go hard with my boy if he doesn't win her. He's never cared for any other girl—his heart's set on Dorothy."

"Then there is no engagement between them so far?" Sir Gerard lighted a cigar as he spoke, and Ashley had no inkling of the anxiety with which he awaited the reply to his question.

"No, they are not engaged at present, but I wouldn't be surprised to hear such was the case any day."

"Your son has excellent taste," declared Sir Gerard, puffing his high-priced cigar. "Miss Ainslie is a very pretty girl. She has a thoroughbred look, as though she came of good stock."

"She's the daughter of Dr. Ainslie and comes from a very good family on her father's side. I don't know anything of her mother's family. Dr. Ainslie met her in this hotel. She was companion to an elderly lady who was stopping here, about twenty-two years ago. In fact, she died here, and Dr. Ainslie married the companion, Miss Courtnay, a few days after."

"Courtnay!" repeated Sir Gerard. "So her name was Courtnay?"

"Yes, same name as yours. She only lived a year after her marriage, poor girl. She died when Dorothy was born."

"Does Miss Ainslie resemble her mother? She is a rather unusual type of beauty."

"No, Dorothy is not at all like her mother. Mrs. Ainslie had dark hair, but she was a brunette, eyes and complexion both dark." He glanced at the dark, handsome face of Sir Gerard, and an exclamation left his lips. "Why, Sir Gerard. Mrs. Ainslie looked very much like you."

It was a moment or so before Sir Gerard Courtnay spoke. He removed his cigar and flicked away the ashes with fingers that were just a little unsteady.

"Quite a coincidence," he remarked, and then he walked away in the direction, of the doors opening upon the long verandas, as some one else came up to the desk and engaged the proprietor's attention.

Jack Ashley, coming up the steps to the veranda, came face to face with the baronet. The two men looked steadily at each other for a moment—Sir Gerard Courtnay with an interest the hotel-keeper's son had not aroused in him before, Jack with involuntary antagonism. Then Jack passed on and Sir Gerard smiled.

"That fellow doesn't like me," he mused. "I wonder why? It's a little too soon for him to be jealous."

He stood gazing out over the sea, over which the moon was beginning to cast a silver light, but he was not thinking of the beauty of the night.

"Dorothy Ainslie is, without doubt, the great-granddaughter of the Lady Courtnay whom she so closely resembles," he murmured. "And Dorothy Ainslie is my cousin." He gave a strange, discordant laugh. "How lovely she is!" he murmured, passionately. "That lovely pictured face has fascinated me from the moment I first looked upon it. When I gazed upon its living counterpart this afternoon, a thrill went through me from head to foot. Why not go at once and claim kinship with this lovely cousin."

He glanced over his shoulder into the lobby. It was the dinner hour and the guests were passing through to the diningrooms, the men in evening dress, the women beautifully gowned, with bare shoulders and arms. With a little shrug of the shoulders, Sir Gerard Courtnay turned and decended the steps.

"Did you have a pleasant afternoon, Jack?" his father asked, smilingly, as Jack came up to the desk. As Jack looked at him inquiringly, he added, "I heard you were walking on the beach with Dorothy."

"Who told you?" asked Jack, curtly.

"It was Sir Gerard Courtnay."

Jack frowned.

"Why should that fact interest Sir Gerard Courtnay?" he remarked.

"I think Sir Gerard was interested not in the fact, but in Dorothy," said Ashley. "It's only natural for men to admire a pretty girl like Dorothy. You know, Jack, that Dorothy's mother's name was Courtnay and she very much resembled

(Continued on page fifteen.)

THE VANISHED BRIDE;

Or, THE MYSTIC PROFILE

By EDYTH KIRKWOOD

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CHAPTER XI.

"Delphine's daughter must see with Delphine's eyes."

MISS LYNN, looking over Romaine's shoulder, echoed her exclamation, and both turned to Miss Emery with astonished eyes that demanded an explanation.

The photograph Romaine held was an exact reproduction of the tapestry she had seen a few hours before in the "white chamber," but the extraordinary feature of this reproduction was that as one looked at it the light appeared to give its triple flash, and so vivid was the illusion that few looked at it without alarm.

"How is this singular light and apparent movement produced," asked Miss Lynn, curiously.

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Christine; "but I imagine it is merely a matter of shading, like the eyes in the celebrated picture of our Savior, called 'The Veronica,' which appear to open as you gaze at them."

Miss Lynn looked doubtful.

"This is much more startling," she observed. "By turning one's eyes away and looking at the photograph again the effect is repeated. It gives one a most singular shock."

"When was this taken?" queried Romaine.

"Oh! some time ago—several years ago," replied Christine, evasively.

Romaine guessed that her mother had taken the picture, and that Miss Emery felt a delicacy about mentioning the fact before a stranger, who might ask inconvenient questions, so she did not pursue her inquiries. But she continued to examine the view with intense interest, and a moment later asked if Christine had a magnifying glass. Miss Emery had not; but Miss Lynn said she had one upstairs, and left the room to fetch it. As soon as she had gone Romaine turned eagerly to her friend.

"Was my mother present when these pictures were taken?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Yes," said Christine, reluctantly. She always disliked even to allude to Delphine Wolverton. "But," she added, "I am not sure whether this was taken with the others, nor that it was photographed from the tapestry which hangs in the 'white chamber.' My impression is that the picture was taken at night, by the seashore and that some extraordinary method was employed to obtain the remarkable effect. Your mother, you know," said Christine, hurriedly, for she heard Miss Lynn's step on the stairs, "made a special study of the occult, and had means at command which we could not understand without initiation into that sort of science, which used to be called 'magic.'"

"Yes," replied Romaine, "I have always known that she had mystic lore and even meddled with the black art. Now, I wonder if there isn't some uncanny trickery about this. It savors of the supernatural; I wish I dared to question Mr. Emery.

"Don't," said Christine. "He would probably refuse to answer you, and if he knows anything about it, which I doubt, he would not reveal it."

She had no time to say more, for Miss Emery appeared with the glass.

Romaine thanked her and took it eagerly. For a long time she bent over the photograph, studying it in every detail.

"Have you discovered anything?" asked Miss Lynn, at last amused at her absorption.

Romaine started up as though waking from a dream.

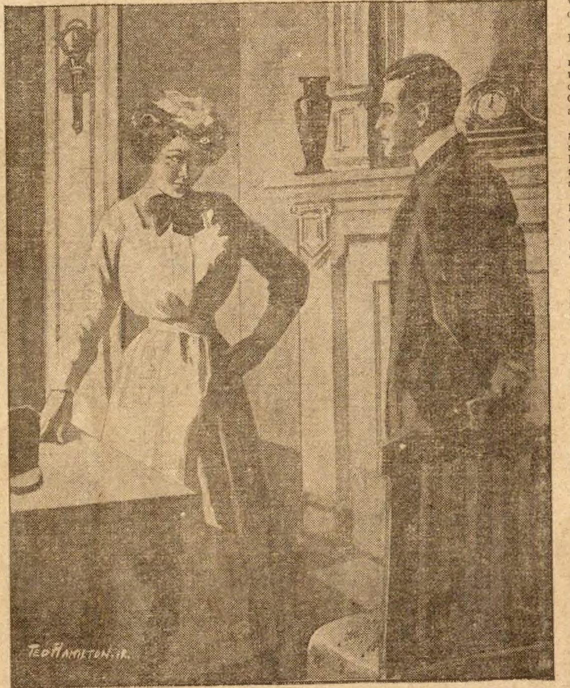
"Yes," she said slowly, "I think I have."

But she did not say what it was, nor reply directly to any of their questions. She evaded them skilfully, and reminded Miss Lynn of the duets.

While Christine put away her strange collection of photographs, the lilting poetry of Chopin's waltzes beguiled the cloud from Romaine's brow and soothed her agitated nerves.

But what had she discovered through the glass? Christine wondered and Miss Lynn wondered. Both had looked through the magnifier, as Romaine laid it down, but neither had been able to discover anything more with the glass than without it. Now, what had Romaine seen?

The duets went on, the young women played for some time; then Christine and Miss Lynn sang together, and after some general conversation they parted for the night.


"Life and limb are always danger here."

Romaine had watched impatiently all the evening for Mr. Emery, who usually spent part of the after-dinner hours in the drawingrooms. On this occasion, however, he did not appear.

"I should like to speak to your brother for a moment," said Romaine to Miss Emery. "Do you think I might venture to knock at the library door?"

"Why—I suppose so—" she answered, hesitatingly; "but we very seldom disturb him, as he dislikes to be interrupted when busy. He may have some complicated case on his mind. Such work demands all a lawyer's attention."

"I will try, anyway," persisted the girl, with the confidence of youth, and crossing the hall she tapped lightly on the massive oak door.

It was opened by Mr. Emery, who was just coming out. He looked surprised at seeing Romaine.

"Did you wish to speak to me? Why, certainly. Come in. Take this easy chair by the fire. Now! we are cozy. What is it? About your father?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Emery," she replied, slowly. "Miss Christine has been showing us those singular photographs which you and Dr. Bolton and my father took some years ago. I suppose, too," she added, in a lower tone, "that my mother assisted you in producing those weird effects. I have heard that she made a study of the occult."

"Quite so," he answered, guardedly, and waited for her to proceed.

"I went home today," Romaine went on; "I was homesick and meant only to wander about the gardens and gather a few flowers."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Emery, now listening intently. He remembered his meeting with Delphine in the thicket, and felt anxious for Romaine.

"While there," continued the girl, "I observed an open window," and she proceeded to narrate the events of the morning.

Mr. Emery looked troubled, but offered no explanation, not even a conjecture.

"The huge tapestry, covering nearly all the side wall, attracted me, held me, as it were, under a spell," she resumed, "so you may judge of my surprise when Miss Christine showed me that strange picture this morning, the one with the triple flashlight."

Mr. Emery bowed. Evidently he would not commit himself, or perhaps he had nothing to say.

"After examining the photograph through Miss Lynn's magnifying glass ——"

Mr. Emery started.

She paused. "You seem surprised," she remarked.

"Go on, go on," he said, impatiently. "After examining the photograph through Miss Lynn's glass—well? What then?"

"I detected what neither of the others seemed to see, and what was invisible to me on the tapestry itself, the dim outline of an island and a hut like a fishereman's cottage—a dreary, storm-lashed place which made me shudder,"

"What you tell me is undoubtedly curious," said Mr. Emery, "but it does not seem important."

"But I am sure that tapestry is a panel door, or slides back. There must have been someone in the room with us to ring the electric bell and close the window and door. Who knows what may be beyond?"

"About that, I think I may satisfy you," said Mr. Emery, cautiously. "You are right, there is a chamber beyond, a room your mother used as a laboratory. She was fond of making chemical experiments; and if I mistake not, there is some stairway leading to an underground passage or vault, which vents I know not whither. But what of it, my dear? What does it matter?"

"You forget," said Romaine, "how we have been tormented by the continued appearance of a hideous profile. These secret laboratories and passages might have to do with its production, and it is highly unpleasant to feel that one is never sure of being alone in one's own house."

"Very true, Romaine; but my dear child, this is not new to me. Of course what you say about the shadowy island and hut is new; but I have known for years that there was a stairway and underground passage. The Wolverton mansion is very old, and these queer passages and secret panels were not uncommon in ante-revolutionary times. Your father often spoke of having the passage boarded over and closed, and in fact, I understood that he had done so; but it appears possible that your mother, for purposes of her own, has had the barrier removed and covered by the tapestry, which, as you rightly conjecture, slides to one side."

"I am keeping you too long," said Romaine, rising. "I thank you for listening to me, and I will ask you to keep my counsel for a while. Some day, if you could make it convenient to go over the 'white chamber' with me, I should like to examine the tapestry again, chiefly to see if I can trace that mysterious island. Good night."

"Good night."

But before he went to his own room, Mr. Emery asked Christine to lend him the photograph of the lighthouse and to borrow Miss Lynn's glass. He did not betray Romaine's confidence, but made a most minute examination of the picture without being able to see what she had described.

"Delphine's daughter must see with Delphine's eyes," he muttered.

He returned the picture and the magnifier and retired to his rooms; but his rest was troubled. He dreamed of a desolate island with a rude shelter, and Caryl was stretching out her arms to him across a stormy sea.

He resolved to see Dr. Bolton, and in get Romaine's consent to talk over what she had told him, and as so frequently happens when one is thinking intently about a person, the next day the doctor appeared.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning. They were all in the garden, discussing some new varieties of flowers which Christine was displaying with pride, when Romaine suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, here comes Dr. Bolton."

"My thoughts must have invoked your presence," said Mr. Emery, after greetings were exchanged. "You have been in my mind all morning."

"A clear case of telepathy," said the doctor, smiling, but his tone was absent and his gaze followed Miss Lynn with a puzzled expression as she was moving away, raising her parasol as though she were setting off for a walk.

"Excuse me a moment," said the doctor, and he followed her.

"Allow me to thank you, Miss Lynn," he began, "for leaving this note! How it came into your possession I do not know; but it contains information of the highest importance."

Miss Lynn looked at him in surprise. "A note? Why, I know nothing about it. I left no note."

"Why will you persist in making mysteries," returned the doctor, impatiently. "I cannot doubt the evidence of my own eyes. I saw you distinctly."

"Oh—ah—in that case—" she stammered in the greatest confusion. "It does not much matter, I suppose, who left your note, if you received it safely."

"Everything matters, Miss Lynn. The most trivial circumstances teem with importance. I would really like to know how this paper came into your possession—how you came to be intrusted with its delivery."

Miss Lynn looked distressed. She hesitated for a moment, then answered: "I cannot reply to your questions, Dr. Bolton, because there are others involved who might prefer that I should remain silent. I cannot see that my silence matters—since you have received your message. This much I am free to state—I know absolutely nothing about the note or its contents, and what I could say would not, I believe, have any bearing on any affair of yours. I hope you believe and trust me."

"I believe you are sincere," he answered, but——"

"But you do not trust me," all the same," she said, quickly.

"Not that," he said, with a politely deprecatory wave of the hand. "Let us say that I do not—understand you."

CHAPTER XII.

"Yet you are dearer far to me than
Heaven,
And while you live I feel I cannot die:
Pray the dear God will smooth what is
uneven
And bring you by and by!"

Miss Lynn bowed without replying, and moved away. Dr. Bolton gazed after her with the most profound perplexity, and was not aware of Romaine's presence at his elbow until she had addressed him twice.

"I am growing jealous of Miss Lynn," said the girl, pouting. "You never have any eyes for me when she is about, and you stare at her as though she were the Sphinx."

"As indeed she is!" exclaimed the doctor. "Tell me, Romaine," he continued, "have you ever seen any one very like Miss Lynn, exactly like her, in fact?"

"Why, no, of course not."

"Well was she out this morning? I received a note. Could she have left it at my house?"

"Not possible." Romaine shook her head with conviction. "She has been here all morning. But don't let us talk about her. When are you going to take me to see papa?"

"Some time soon, I hope; but meanwhile I must have a little conversation with Mr. Emery."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the girl. "We never have any more long talks in these days. And I have such heaps to say—and things I want to ask, and consult you about, and all that."

"As for instance?" asked the doctor, rather absently, for he was impatient to get away.

"Well—one thing—if papa were to marry, what would become of me?"

"Don't be nonsensical. You would not be cast adrift," he answered, coolly. "Your father would not marry any one but Miss Emery, and you and she are excellent friends; but there is no question of such an event. You have nothing to dread."

"But if he did, you know, I would much rather have a home of my own," said Romaine, wistfully.

"That would not be difficult to manage," said Dr. Bolton, smiling. "Plenty of young fellows will soon be demanding your hand."

"I simply abhor young men," said Romaine, loftily. "If I ever marry it will be some one at least as old as papa."

She made a sweet picture, standing there with her curly head on one side and her innocent young eyes peering anxiously into the doctor's face to find out whether she had spoken too plainly, or been unmaidenly in her admission, but he was not attending to her, nor even thinking of her; his mind was preoccupied.

Romaine felt hurt.

"Very well," she said, stiffly. "I see that you are wildly impatient to get rid of me, so I will go away."

She was right. Dr. Bolton gave a sigh of relief as she whisked herself off in a fret, and left him free to seek his friend. But something told him that she was offended, so he curbed his impatience and called after her:

"Romaine! Little girl!"

She turned and stood looking at him, with, it must be admitted, a very sulky face; but as he started toward her, she advanced slowly to meet him.

"I did not mean to be short with you, dear child," he said, kindly. "Don't look so grieved. I have serious matters on my mind, and am not in the mood for nonsense."

"I wasn't talking nonsense," she said, still pouting.

"Well, it sounded uncommouly like it, you know—all that about you wanting a home of your own. If you are ever homeless, I promise to adopt you."

"Adopt me!" she said scornfully. "No, thank you."

"And why not, pray?" asked the doctor, amused at her heightened color and evident displeasure.

"There are reasons," she replied, stiffly. "Very good reasons, though you may be too obtuse to discover them."

"Oh, I am a stupid old fellow," he said, good-naturedly; "my mind can't vie with yours. I dare say you have three thoughts to my one. By the way," he went on, growing suddenly grave, "have you seen that profile—you know what I mean—since Mr. Wolverton left home?"

"Once, yes," she answered. "Mr. Emery will tell you about it. Why do you ask?"

"As I was driving by your house in coming here, I saw a most singular shadow cast across the front; it assumed the peculiar features of the profile which has become so familiar, and showed inky black against the gray stone walls, with a weird and sinister effect. I admit that it got on my nerves."

Romaine looked bored and suppressed a yawn.

"In this practical age," she said, indifferently, "nothing alarms us much; we know what can be done by machinery. The day of the spook was ended when the stars of the States arose. That profile has made the mistake of appearing too frequently. One gets the notion that it must be very easy to do if one only knew how."

The doctor looked surprised.

"Well, Romaine," he said. "I am glad you take it so philosophically; but allow me to remind you that it is not the same with your father. On more than one occasion he has manifested the most extreme uneasiness at the sight of that profile."

"Oh—but papa has painful associations with the image—an early fright, you remember. Besides, I think it fidgets him to feel that there is some one about the house playing those tricks on us."

"Yes, yes," agreed the doctor, thoughtfully; "naturally it must be excessively annoying to him. But I must say good-by for the present; my business with Mr. Emery is urgent."

Christine and her brother were still bending over the flower-beds. As Dr. Bolton approached, Mr. Emery joined him and they went to the library together. Romaine disappeared into the shrubbery, and Miss Lynn, who seemed to have changed her mind about her promenade, returned and stood by Miss Emery.

"Our friend Dr. Bolton seems strangely obtuse," remarked the latter to her companion.

"You mean——?"

"Why, surely, Miss Lynn, you must have noticed Romaine's preference! She takes no pains to conceal her love for the doctor, but he accepts it as a child's natural affection for a family friend, and so throws away a good chance for winning a sweet wife."

"Then you believe it would be a good match for Romaine?"

"I do," said Miss Emery, earnestly. "Romaine's peculiar situation—I mean as regards her motherless state—and her isolation from young people have made her different from other girls. She has been her father's companion, and would really be happier with a middle-aged man than with a youth. Besides, the doctor would be kind to her, and make her life easy. Yes, I should like to see that come about."

"He is good looking," said Miss Lynn. "Not at all handsome, but very agreeable. Still, pardon me if I speak too plainly, I think he has placed his affections elsewhere."

"I know," replied Christine, blushing; "but he understands that his suit will never be favored, and he might as well make himself happy by accepting what Romaine, dear child, would be so ready to give."

"He will never originate the idea," said Miss Lynn, with conviction. "Some one will have to give him a hint, a suggestion, a gentle push in the right direction."

Christine smiled.

"The same idea has occurred to me," she said.

CHAPTER XIII.

"No duty was too unpleasant for him to undertake, no task seemed to him impossible, if it ought to be done."

Meanwhile Dr. Bolton and Mr. Emery had ensconced themselves in the library.

"You had something important to say?" queried the lawyer, tentatively.

"Yes. The time has come when your aid may be necessary in releasing your wife from the distressing situation in which she is placed by the malevolence of that singular woman who was formerly Delphine Wolverton. The fact is—brace yourself, my dear fellow—your wife has all this time been immured in a private asylum for the insane."

"My wife!" cried Mr. Emery, starting up wildly, with clenched hands. "At least she lives! Quick—tell me more—where—where——"

He fell back, pale and gasping. The doctor bent over him with a finger on his pulse, then poured out some water from a carafe which was standing on the table, and held the glass to his lips. Forced to make the effort to swallow, Mr. Emery almost immediately recovered himself, and begged his friend to proceed.

"Not unless you promise to be calm," said Dr. Bolton. "This is a moment when feeling must be suppressed and every power of your intellect brought into play."

"Very well," said Mr. Emery, quivering with impatience, "I promise anything you like—only do not keep me in suspense."

Dr. Bolton, satisfied that the nervous shock was passing away, complied.

"Delphine," he continued, "represented that Caryl was her own daughter, who was suffering from the delusion that she was Mrs. Emery. As your wife naturally insisted on her own identity, the physicians—perhaps as naturally—consider that this is her idee fixe—her hallucination—and, experts though they are, they pronounce her condition hopeless, and would probably require the most public proofs of her abduction by Wolverton's former wife, as well as of her motives and all the rest of it."

Mr. Emery remained very pale, but he said nothing. His manner was now that of a professional man who listened intently, straining every faculty to understand and weigh what was being narrated.

"Now, that would be extremely painful to Mr. Wolverton, and really damaging to Romaine," resumed the doctor. "So Wolverton evolved what certainly seems like a crazy scheme to avoid publicity. After being notified by Mrs. Emery, who contrived to reveal her plight, he voluntarily entered the sanitarium as a patient, avowing himself nervous and disposed to melancholia. His idea was to see your wife and concoct some scheme to evade the vigilance of the authorities and escape. Then, he believed, if you appeared on the scene with an explanation of the facts, the matter could be arranged quietly or hushed up."

Mr. Emery shook his head dubiously.

"That was a mistake," said he.

"So I thought at first, until Wolverton overpersuaded me," agreed Dr. Bolton, "and so it now appears to me; but at the same time I can quite appreciate his motives. The fact that Delphine was the cause of the trouble threw him a little off his balance and gave him an almost morbid desire to thwart her evil-doing, and to be the one to set her victim free. And we must remember that it was to Mr. Wolverton that she appealed. In some way Miss Lynn is mixed up in the affair, for it was she who delivered Mrs. Emery's letter, and, although she denies it, it was she—or her wraith—who handed me a note this morning."

Dr. Bolton paused, and his friend waited. He seemed to know by professional instinct that the doctor had not yet reached the most important part of his communication.

"Now, the strangest thing in the world," resumed Dr. Bolton, "is that it never occurred either to Wolverton or myself that Delphine would certainly learn of his presence in the sanitarium, and would see through his motive. This has evidently happened, and she must have seen the authorities—the manager and superintendent or whatever they call themselves—for I have received a note from one of the resident physicians, saying that they find Mr. Wolverton perfectly sane and in no need of restraint. His nervous condition, they have decided, would be much more likely to derive benefit from travel than from confinement. Now those very able, but somewhat narrow-minded, practitioners could never have discovered such a fact for themselves, and they must have been enlightened by some one whose interest it was to have Mr. Wolverton out of the way."

"What do you propose to do?" asked Mr. Emery, quietly.

"Give me your opinion first."

"I would prefer to start at once and boldly demand the release of my wife," said Mr. Emery, impetuously.

Dr. Bolton sat for a few minutes lost in thought, as though considering this plan.

"I will discuss that presently," he replied, at last. "First, let us consider Mr. Wolverton's idea. The letter from the sanitarium, to which I referred—about Wolverton's sanity, you remember—reached me through the post, but the note I mentioned was left by Miss Lynn or her counterpart, and is of even more importance. It is from Mr. Wolverton, who writes that his scheme is on the verge of success. Read for yourself," and Dr. Bolton handed his friend an open note.

"My dear Doctor," it ran, "everything is arranged. Failure seems out of the question. There are to be theatricals in which Mrs. E. and I take part. During the rehearsals we have had an opportunity to lay our plans. Have a carriage waiting on the evening of Thursday next, between nine and ten o'clock. Bring Romaine or Miss Emery. Better not bring Alan; we must be cautious and run no risks. He might lose all by some impatient haste, or Mrs. Emery might be agitated and swoon. The people here, for some reason or other, want me to leave, but having found me of use in the arrangements for the play, they requested me to defer my departure until after the performance, which I agreed to do, merely stipulating that I should be allowed to take leave a little before the end. The players are, of course, all convalescents; some of them will be masked in the last act, which will—or ought to facilitate matters. The gatekeeper I have promised to pay in good hard gold, of which, fortunately, I have enough, and to spare. Once out of this, it will be easy to put the board of managers in possession of the facts, and out of it we soon shall be. Yours always,

"WOLVERTON."

Mr. Emery looked, as he felt, dissatisfied. These romantic schemes were not to his liking. He had a right to the liberation of his wife, and it annoyed him to have to consider Mr. Wolverton's feelings and Romaine's interests. He abhorred devious methods, and persisted in thinking that straightforward ways were always best, be consequences what they might. But regard for the wishes of the others restrained him, and reluctantly he consented to the plan—reluctantly and against his better judgment.

Bitterly he regretted it in the anxious days that followed, and for a long time Dr. Bolton felt as though eternity itself could not be long enough to atone for the mischief he had unconsciously abetted.

CHAPTER XIV.

"So while to Hope we give one hand,
The other hand to Fear we lend;
And thus 'twixt high and low we stand,
Waiting and wavering to the end."

While Dr. Bolton was persuading Mr. Emery to adopt the course of action recommended by Mr. Wolverton, the inmates of the convalescent wards at the sanitarium were busily rehearsing their parts, preparing their theatrical toggery, or helping with the arrangements.

Mr. Wolverton's artistic talents proved of the highest service. Everybody wanted his advice, and he gave it good-naturedly. Now it was about a costume, again about the stage effects, and in this way he managed to get a little conversation with Mrs. Emery, during which they perfected their plan for getting away.

They counted on a slight relaxation in the vigilance, and aid came to Mr. Wolverton from an unexpected quarter. More than once he had been startled by seeing Miss Lynn dressed as a nurse and moving familiarly about the wards as though she belonged there. He had never had an opportunity to speak to her until a few days before the entertainment.

The rooms, usually so rigidly clean and stiffly tidy, now presented a more habitable and homelike aspect. A bunch of ribbons or a garland of artificial flowers lay here or there, snippets of lace and silks filled the little work baskets of sweet grass which stood on the tables.

Miss Lynn was quietly gathering up the odds and ends that were lying about, and trying to restore the usual order. She did not seem at all surprised when Mr. Wolverton addressed her.

"Miss Lynn!"

She turned.

He drew back suddenly, puzzled and uncertain.

"You are Miss Lynn?" he queried.

"I am Miss Lynn, yes," she responded quietly.,

"You do not seem to know me," he went on, doubtfully.

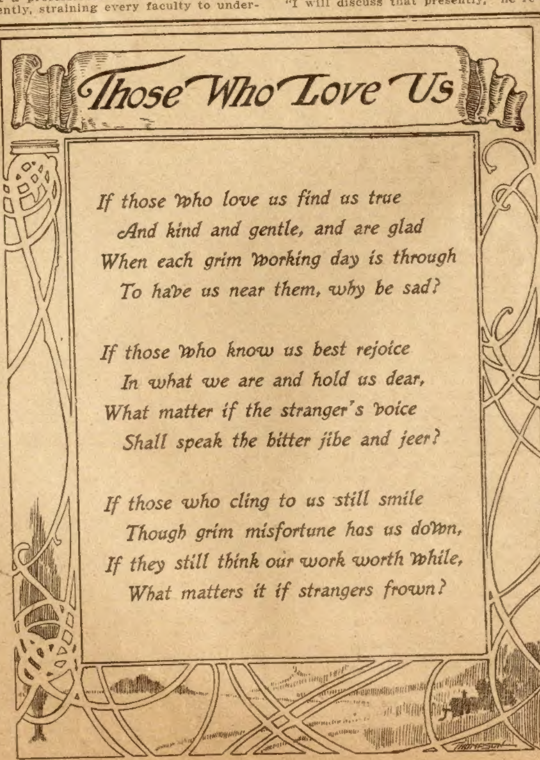
"You are Mr. Wolverton," she replied.

"There is something different about you," he said, wonderingly; "I am certain that you are Miss Lynn, and yet you seem unlike yourself in some fantastic way. Unreal, like an image in a lake, or like a photograph in an unusual light. I cannot understand."

"It is not necessary that you should understand—just yet," she said, hastily. "I know all—that is enough. It is against the rules for us to stand here conversing," she added. "I must go."

"The superintendent does not take much interest in our entertainment," said Mr. Wolverton, detaining her by a gesture. "He has been shut up in the laboratory almost ever since we began the preparations."

(Continued on page twenty-one.)



Those Who Love Us

If those who love us find us true
And kind and gentle, and are glad
When each grim working day is through
To have us near them, why be sad?

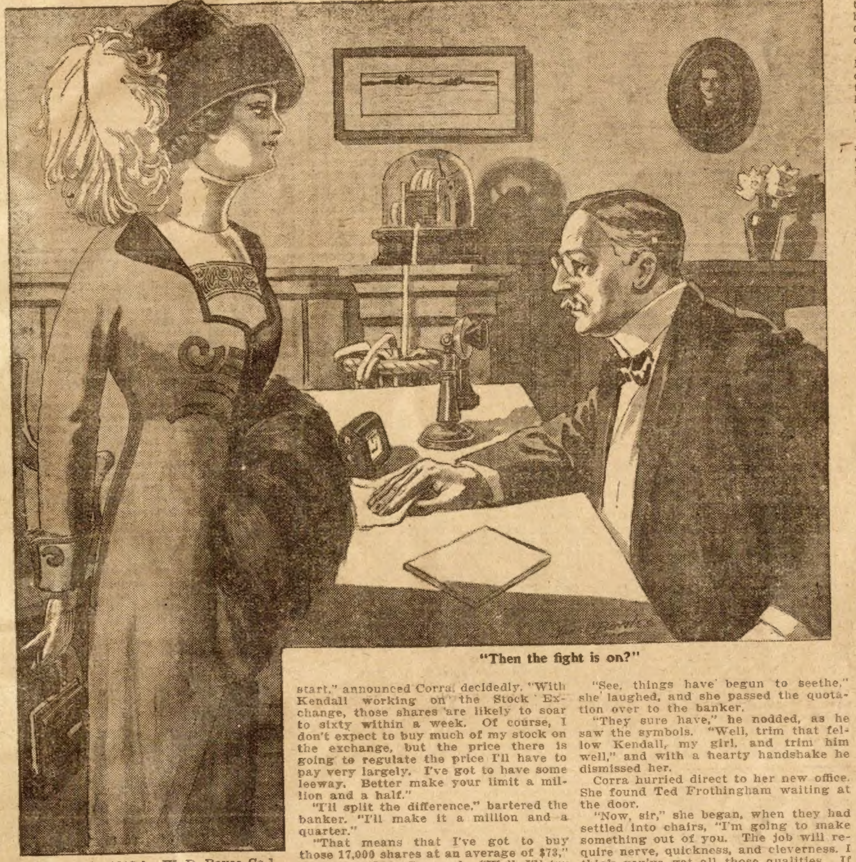
If those who know us best rejoice
In what we are and hold us dear,
What matter if the stranger's voice
Shall speak the bitter jibe and jeer?

If those who cling to us still smile
Though grim misfortune has us down,
If they still think our work worth while,
What matters it if strangers frown?

The Wall Street Nemesis;

Or, A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE

By George T. Hargreaves



"Then the fight is on?"

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REQUEST FOR A LIMOUSINE.

CHAPTER V.

"I'LL tell you frankly, young woman," John Dorgan went on deliberately, "that I'm taking you on because I'm a trifle in fear that if I don't the Hertzmans may, and thereby upset our calculations. I might as well tell you that we have a very pressing reason for getting control of St. Louis & Southern. Of course we want to keep it away from Hertzman, Amberg & Company, because they want to reap a fortune by turning it over to their other property, the Pacific & Gulf Coast. But we have another plan. We want to make the S. L. S. a link in a new transcontinental line we have laid out."

Miss Dennard's steady pulse quickened a little at this unfolding of the schemes of high finance.

"But there's one thing you must be careful about," the banker continued, leaning toward her as his voice sank, "and that is that this affair of yours must not disclose our interest until you have rounded it up. If the Hertzmans got a hint that we were so anxious for the S. L. S. because we wanted it for this new transcontinental line of ours, they'd move heaven and earth to keep it away from us. And that might make the acquisition of the road cost us too much."

"Well, what's your maximum price for the 17,000 shares you need?"

Dorgan figured a moment, took a puff at his cigar, and looked up with pursed lips.

"Well, we oughtn't to have to pay more than a million," he said, at length.

"Then we might as well quit before we start," announced Corra decidedly. "With Kendall working on the Stock Exchange, those shares are likely to soar to sixty within a week. Of course, I don't expect to buy much of my stock on the exchange, but the price there is going to regulate the price I'll have to pay very largely. I've got to have some leeway. Better make your limit a million and a half."

"I'll split the difference," bartered the banker. "I'll make it a million and a quarter."

"That means that I've got to buy those 17,000 shares at an average of $73," considered Miss Dennard. "Well, I'll try it."

So the agreement was made in detail. Corra was to deliver 17,000 shares of S. L. S. to John Dorgan & Company within three months, though she might claim a day or two of grace; she was to have the use of $1,250,000 for her operations, to be advanced as she needed it by Dorgan; shares as rapidly as secured were to be turned over to Dorgan; implicit secrecy must govern the deal; if she was successful, she was to get a commission of $250,000; if, in addition, she brought Paul Kendall down in ruin, another $50,000 was to be added to it; if she failed altogether—well, she must trust to the hard-fisted banker for some recompense.

"Just one thing more, Mr. Dorgan," she said thoughtfully. "I have a father and a sister dependent on me for support. Should anything befall me in this task that might remove me entirely, I want to feel that they will be provided for."

"Why this?" the banker asked. "You don't expect to risk your neck, do you?"

"I have known Paul Kendall intimately for five years, Mr. Dorgan," Miss Dennard replied deliberately. "Hence I know that he has a very violent, a very desperate temper when things go wrong. When he learns I am combatting him, as he must soon, he may decide to allow that temper too much rein."

"He'll never dare," declared Dorgan cynically. "However, since you desire some assurance, I'll agree to see that the interests of your family are properly protected and that your services are rewarded."

"Then the fight is on," declared Corra, her cheeks flushing slightly.

"And when do you start things moving?"

"They have started already," she smiled. "I've got three hundred shares of S. L. S. already bought. And I've orders in for more."

She swept across the room to the ticker that was emptying its stream of printed white ribbon into the basket. Dorgan followed her with interest. The first sale she noted as she picked up the tape was "S. L. S. 51."

"See, things have begun to seethe," she laughed, and she passed the quotation over to the banker.

"They sure have," he nodded, as he saw the symbols. "Well, trim that fellow Kendall, my girl, and trim him well," and with a hearty handshake he dismissed her.

Corra hurried direct to her new office. She found Ted Frothingham waiting at the door.

"Now, sir," she began, when they had settled into chairs, "I'm going to make something out of you. The job will require nerve, quickness, and cleverness. I think you've got all those qualities. If you win, I'll be glad to let you have my little sister. If you don't—well, I don't want a failure for a brother-in-law."

"Lead me to it," exclaimed the young man, rubbing his hands enthusiastically. "I'm going to have that sister of yours."

So she briefly explained to him the essentials in her new undertaking. She did not disclose her relations with Dorgan, nor did she reveal all the reasons for her break with Kendall. But she gave her young assistant to understand that she sought reparation from the speculator for a wound in her heart that would not be healed with anything but a poignant revenge.

"Now you've got to do a number of things," she went on hurriedly. "In the first place, your work here will be to take care of the office, keep the books, answer the 'phone and look busy. You may hire a small boy to exercise your importance upon, if you wish. But you've got an outside job, too—a little job of detective work. Kendall will get somebody in my place. It may be a man, and it may be a woman. Whoever it is, you've got to strike up an acquaintance, and try to worm something out of them about how Kendall's deal is coming on."

"Fine!" exclaimed Frothingham, "I've always wanted to be a Sherlock Holmes."

Corra's next jaunt was to the safety deposit vaults of the Twentieth Century Trust Company that stood around the corner. From her modest compartment she drew forth a neatly tied bunch of documents. At a near-by desk she examined them closely. The inspection satisfied her. It disclosed a trifle less than $75,000 worth of high-class railroad bonds—the proceeds of her clever part in the speculations of Kendall. With them she hastened to the office of her broker, Marcosson.

"Been trying to get you on the 'phone for an hour," he said brusquely. "We've picked up 500 S. L. S. for you, but can't do any more. The price is beyond your limit. It's got up to 51½."

"Who's buying?"

"Why, our floor man says Jake Russell of Hinchmann & Hammond is pretty keen to get it. He's been doing most of the bidding. You know him, of course."

"Oh, yes," Corra smiled. She knew that Hinchmann & Hammond was the house through which Kendall did most of his trading. "Has Russell got much of it?"

"About as much as we got," replied Marcosson. "The offerings seem to have dried up completely since the price got to 51½. Do you want to raise your limit?"

"Not today," returned his customer. "I think it will be cheaper tomorrow."

"The rise has got the street talking about the stock," said Marcosson. "Some of them would like to take hold of it, but it's been a dead one so long everybody thinks it's a false alarm."

"Good thing. Let them keep on thinking that," returned Corra.

"And how about the deposit you promised us?" inquired the broker.

"There, look that over," she said defiantly tossing her bundle of bonds upon the desk before him. "You'll find $75,000 worth of stuff there. Put it to my credit. Sell enough of it to pay you for the 800 shares you've bought me, and have the stock certificates transferred to my name. Keep the rest for future operations."

The broker hungrily fingered the mass of valuable certificates. Then he looked up with a beaming face.

"Miss Dennard, you're a brick!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "I don't know what it is you're trying to do, but, by jimminy, whatever it is, I hope you succeed!"

Returning to her own office, Corra, comfortably ensconced in a swinging chair at her new desk, sank into a deep study. The roar from the street below, the outlook upon the towering skyscrapers about her, the spasmodic rattle of the ticker in the corner failed to distract her. Ted once more broke in with some comment, but she silenced him with a pat of her forefinger against her red lips.

It was past noon before the reverie was broken. She rose briskly to her feet with a satisfied smile and consulted the tape. Then she proceeded to instruct Ted as to the meaning of the characters upon it.

"You'll pick up what these various abbreviations mean in stocks," she said, "but I want to call your particular attention to this one. See—" she indicated S. L. S.—"this is the stock we're doing business in. It's quoted now at 51⅛. That's a dollar a share higher than it was this time yesterday. It's probably going a good deal higher. Anyway, it's part of your job to watch for S. L. S. and to supply me with a record of all transactions in it."

"This job's too easy," grinned Ted.

"Wait and see, young man. I've got an assignment for you tonight that will test both your nerve and your strength."

"Let's get busy now," urged Frothingham.

"No," replied Corra, earnestly, "it's a night job. It's like this: I'm to get a list of the stockholders of the St Louis & Southern. On that list I hope to find the names of some holders that I can visit personally and dicker for their stock without buying it on the exchange. In that way I hope to get hold of some at prices that I couldn't get it at if it went into the market. Kendall is boosting the price too fast."

She waited a moment before she proceeded, studying the face of her assistant closely. Then she went on deliberately:

"Now, while I'm hunting up these stockholders outside, I don't want him to have any advantage over me. I don't want him to be on the scene while I am out of town."

"How are you going to do it?"

"Do you suppose you could procure a limousine for me for about an hour at seven o'clock this evening?" Corra asked slowly.

"Sure," blurted Ted. "I'll borrow Dad's. It's never in use at that hour."

"In addition, I want a good husky chauffeur," announced Miss Dennard.

"How about me?"

"I'll need you inside the machine," said Corra, mystifyingly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the clerk dumbly. "What kind of a party is this going to be?"

"Listen," explained the other in a whisper. "Paul Kendall dines regularly at Hector's on Broadway at seven o'clock every night. I know, because he has taken me there many times at that hour. Well, at seven tonight you and I will drive up to Hector's in your limousine. I will send in a note to Paul that will bring him out to the machine to see me. I don't intend to let him go back to his dinner."

Young Frothingham looked at the speaker in amazement. Then, as her purpose slowly dawned upon him, he smiled broadly.

"You're going to kidnap him, eh? Going to kidnap a Wall street high flyer, eh? Say, Corra, you've got a nerve."

She quietly opened her purse and extracted a ten-dollar bill.

"Run out to some gunshop hereabouts," she directed, handing him the money, "and buy a pair of good strong handcuffs and a pair of good strong ankle shackles."

"Whew!" whistled Ted, with widening eyes. "This is going to be a regular affair of force, isn't it?"

"Steady now, my boy," Corra warned him.

"But what are you going to do with him when you've captured him?" buzzed the young man anxiously.

"You'll be there on the spot tonight to see," replied Miss Dennard, as she once more crossed the room to consult the ticker.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BARTER OF A LIFE.

Paul Kendall, at half-past nine of the morning following his break with his secretary, bolted into his office to find what had been her favorite chair empty. He was surprised. He had expected that the anger she had shown over the announcement of his engagement to Madelyne Astorham would be dissipated by a night's reflections, and that he would find her back at her work on the morrow.

Her absence was a distinct disappointment. None knew so well as himself how thorougly he had profited by Corra Dennard's advice and assistance in his difficult climb to the eminence in the speculative world which he had now attained. None knew so well as himself that it was her keen brain, her acute insight into conditions of trade, her remarkable intuition, her amazingly accurate prognostication of the course of speculation at critical periods that had laid out paths for him to tread to dazzling profits.

So that now, at the threshold of what promised to be his greatest coup, he was conscious of a flash of apprehension, as he gazed frowningly at her unoccupied chair. He caught up the telephone, and had the wire connected with the Dennard home. He recognized the soft voice of her sister Cerise at the other end.

"This is Kendall," he began quickly. "Where's Corra this morning? Is she ill?"

"Corra is quite well this morning, Mr. Kendall," replied the sister, with a touch or hauteur in her voice. "She left home for business at seven o'clock this morning."

"Seven o'clock," exclaimed the speculator in surprise. "That was nearly three hours ago. She hasn't arrived here yet."

"Nor, let me tell you, Mr. Paul Kendall, will she arrive there at all," flashed back Cerise, who welcomed the opportunity to vent her ill-feeling against a man who had once attempted to kiss her by force.

"Why not?" asked the plunger, who regretted the next moment the opening which he had furnished the incisive voice at the other end of the wire. The reply came instantly.

"You know well enough, Paul Kendall, you—coward."

He heard the 'phone connection cut off with a click. Little Miss Dennard had very abruptly terminated the interview.

Kendall slumped into his easy chair, and lighting a cigarette, smoked intermittently with his eyes strained upon the ceiling and his teeth cutting into his lips. His thoughts were not pleasant. He feared Corra Dennard. His first apprehension was that she might begin an action for breach of promise to marry her. He had to admit to himself that she had a complete case. His many notes and letters would show that. And he had been foolish enough to indicate his intention to marry her before her father and her sister. There was no getting away from the fact, that if she started suit, she would collect heavy damages. But worse even than that, she would probably be able by it to ruin his engagement with Madelyne Astorham, whom he had come to want very much.

And worse than all, he was afraid he would have to encounter her in the arena of speculation. She had been so uncanny in her manipulation of some of his deals, that he involuntarily shuddered slightly at the thought that she would now direct all her remarkable ability against him.

"By God, if she can't be for me," Kendall finally blurted, as he sprang to his feet, "I'll make sure she won't be against me!"

Over the 'phone he summoned the head of a financial district detective agency. Its name was not spotless. Deals in which chicanery and violence had been prominent had given it a reputation for questionable work. And having acquired the reputation, the Vauker Agency found that it was more profitable to live up to it than to cleanse it.

"Pink" Vauker, a large man with a livid face, bulging blue eyes, and a drooping mustache, came puffing in response to Kendall's call. He had worked on one or two minor jobs for the speculator, and he remembered how well and promptly he had been paid.

Vauker planted himself in a chair directly in front of Kendall, braced his huge hands upon his knees, and hunching his bulky shoulders forward, mysteriously said:

"Well, Mr. Kendall, whatever it is, I can do it."

The plunger looked at the detective from beneath thickly drawn brows.

"It's a ticklish job, Vauker," he returned slowly. "I don't know whether you're up to it or not."

"And me twenty years at the business?" sniffed the sleuth. "Come on with it."

"Well, in the first place, it's strictly on the quiet."

"Trust me," assured Vauker with a wave of one hand.

"My secretary, Miss Corra Dennard, has quit me."

"And you want her back?"

"She wouldn't come," Kendall shook his head decidedly. "But I'm mighty nervous when I don't know where she is. You see, Vauker, maybe I've been a trifle foolish about her. She's something of a beauty. Here's her picture," and from an inner drawer of her desk he took a striking photo of Miss Dennard, and passed it over to the detective. "A beauty, isn't she?"

Vauker's seamy eyes studied the portrait and flashed.

"A peach," was his only response.

"Well," the speculator went on, as if feeling his way," "she's got an idea I ought to marry her, that I've agreed to. But I'm not going to. There's another girl uptown that's to get my name. But I wouldn't like this girl here"—he tapped the photograph—"to do anything that would break up the match. And she's likely to."

"Um!" was the detective's only response.

"Then again," continued Kendall, his words coming more slowly, "this girl is a mighty clever manipulator. She maybe is huffy enough to start some deal against me that might hurt—and hurt badly."

"Um!" was the only encouragement he got from the vistor.

"Don't be so dense," Paul exclaimed impatiently. "You can put these things together as well as if I did it."

"Oh, yes," grinned the sleuth, "you want me to tell what ought to be done. You know well enough what you want done, but you don't want to say the words. I'm wise to you."

"Well, if you know so well what I want done, why don't you go ahead and do it?" demanded Kendall.

Vauker leaned over till his florid face was quite close to that of the plunger. Then he leered:

"You want this pretty young friend of yours out of the way for a few days?"

"Weeks, Vauker, weeks."

"Ah," and the sleuth waved his finger warningly, "that is serious business, my dear sir. And from the looks of the face of that picture, she ain't the woman to go very far the way she doesn't want to without making an awful kick."

"Oh, quit your barking!" exclaimed Kendall impatiently. "Will you undertake the job or won't you?"

"Well, business ain't as brisk as it might be," sighed the detective. "Come on with the particulars."

"This is the first day of August," the plunger explained hurriedly. "I don't want to feel that this woman is any place around me until the first day of November—at least."

"Three months, eh? That's a dangerously long time to try to keep an active young woman under cover."

"Well' I'll agree to pay you fifty dollars a day for every single day you keep her out of sight and two hundred extra if you keep her out of sight for the entire three months," bartered Kendall.

"And suppose," whisepred the detective, with his teeth showing menacingly, "that I should be able to keep her out of sight for so long a time that she never would show up again?"

"You—you mean—that you might k—— that she might die?" gasped the plunger.

Vauker merely closed one eye in a meaning wink. The speculator's tense face paled momentarily at the sinister suggestion. Then he laughed harshly and said:

"A couple of thousand extra as a bonus for that."

Without a qualm, without a sigh, he was in fact bargaining for the life of the woman who had made his success possible, and who, having sacrificed herself to him, was now to become the quarry of a ruthless paid emissary. He even grinned when the detective said:

"Accidents sometimes happen in our trade. A couple of thousand extra for an accident wouldn't be bad pay, eh?" and he nudged his thumb into Kendall's ribs.

"And who's going to undertake the job?"

"I've got him free for it right now," replied Vauker. "It's Tod Riker. He's something of a ladies' man, dresses well and talks better and all that, but he's got nerve, too. He's twisted more than one neck."

"Very well," snapped the plunger, "get him busy at once!" and he passed over the address of Miss Dennard's home in Harlem.

"I'll take this, too," said the detective, picking up the photograph of Corra. He thrust it into his pocket without noting upon the back the inscription in a woman's hand: "To Paul from Corra."

At the door he turned and came back to Kendall's desk.

"Give me a check for a couple of hundred on account," he requested. "You can't tell when you're going to need money on one of these disappearance cases."

CHAPTER VII.

CORRA AS A KIDNAPER.

The day went badly with Kendall. He couldn't seem to get a grip on the business before him. He missed Corra, of course, but he had some setbacks that even she might not have been able to avoid entirely.

Before the stock market opened he gave his brokers, Hinchmann & Hammond, explicit orders regarding the purchase of St. Louis & Southern. They were to purchase during the day every share they could without boosting the price too much. Kendall set a limit at fifty-one and three-fourth without any expectation that the price would go that high, although he had an uneasy feeling that Corra might do something to interfere with the program.

He watched the ticker closely. He saw S. L. S. climb slowly. He was provoked when a report from his brokers at noon showed that all the stock sold was not coming into his hands. He was angry when at one o'clock Hinchmann & Hammond informed him that some one else also appeared to be accumulating S. L. S. He was raging at the market's close when he found that stock had risen to fifty-two, and that, although a total of 1,800 shares had been traded in during the session, he had been able to buy only 900 of them.

A quiet tip from the Hertzman house, "You're boosting things too fast," added to his chagrin. He was further provoked by his difficulties in getting a secretary to fill the vacancy created by Corra's retirement. He tried two of the young women stenographers he kept employed in his outer office, but neither of them showed the required adaptability or intelligence. For want of a better, however, he chose the pink-and-white little girl who answered to the imposing cognomen of Marguerite Van Rensselaer.

Marguerite knew something about shorthand and a little about typewriting, and didn't seem to care whether or not she ever knew much more. She thought more of primping her fluffy yellow hair than of caressing the keys of her machine. She cared more for looking out on the sights in the bustling street below than for looking out for her employer's instructions. A dainty butterfly in business was Marguerite.

Kendall's last act before leaving the office for the day was to have a telephone chat with his brokers. He raised the proverbial Cain, and wound up by informing Hinchmann & Hammond that if he didn't get more satisfactory service on the morrow he would transfer his business to some other house. Likewise he would not give them any further orders to buy S. L. S. stock until he had slept over his deal. He'd let them know his further purposes in the morning.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when the plunger finally quit his office. He was conscious of a faint pang of regret. He missed something. Ah, yes, it was the good-by kiss that he and Corra had invariably exchanged behind a convenient screen that stood before the wide office grate. Yes, Corra was a charming woman, but—a piece of the Astorham fortune and the reassured place in the highest social circles that an alliance with the daughter Madelyne would give him were too valuable marriage perquisites to be sacrificed, even though they cost another woman's happiness.

On the way uptown to his club in a taxicab, Kendall made numerous stops. His spirits seemed to require alcoholic stimulation. The result was that when he reatched the Fifth avenue quarters where he made his home, he was in a slightly unwieldy condition. But with the aid of a servant he managed to clear his head partially through the medium of a cold tub and to flounder into evening clothes.

No one could deny that he made a handsome figure, and it is small wonder that more than one woman turned her head to gaze after him as he made his way through to Broadway and to his favorite restaurant, Hector's.

Hector's was a famous place. Through a massive portal, flanked by two great lions rampant in stone, Kendall passed his silk hat and light coat to servants, and down the imposing room with its huge pillars of white and gold, its high-swung chandeliers flashing down a myriad of lights upon the chattering, gaudily gowned host of diners, he made his way to a far corner where year in and year out a table was reserved for him.

Lazily he looked over the brilliant throng as he ordered his cocktail. He had tossed it off thirstily and was uninterestedly studying the menu when a servant brough him a woman's dainty card. His heart leaped gladly when he read "Miss Dennard."

Just below the name he made out the faint handwriting: "May I see you for a moment at my car at the door?"

Corra had timed her mission well. Having done what she regarded as a satisfactory day's business, she allowed Ted Frothingham to accompany her home. She readily divined that the real intent of Ted's chivalry was to get an opportunity for a moment's visit with her sister. But, then, she recognized with a sigh, those moments were precious. On the way uptown she gave her new assistant some specific instructions.

"What kind of a fellow is your chauffeur, Ted?"

"What do you mean?"

"Has he got plenty of nerve?"

"Well, he's driven eighty miles an hour, he's maimed a man, he's gone through smashups and he's killed about ten dozen chickens in his speed mania," chuckled young Frothingham. "Is that any recommendation?"

"But is he afraid to stand up and tackle a man?"

"Corra, he's as good a scrapper as you'll find in the whole regiment of chauffeurs here in New York. He's not afraid and he's got an awful punch. I know, because he and I put on the gloves in the garage one day, and I didn't come to for about ten minutes. He'd landed on my jaw."

"He sleeps in the garage?"

"And eats in the servants' kitchen."

"Any room for another where he sleeps?"

"Room for half a dozen more," answered the young man with a puzzled look. "Our garage is just about as big as your whole apartment. But what's this quiz about?"

Whereupon Corra proceeded to detail her plans for her evening expedition in the Frothingham limousine.

"Whew, Corra, you're a nervy one!" Ted exclaimed, as his eyes glowed on her in amazement. Dare you do it?"

"I dare," she replied briskly, "but dare you and your chauffeur?"

Corra, I'd scoff if anybody else proposed any such thing," admitted the young man hesitantly. "But seeing you're Cerise's sister, I'll help you if I land in jail for it. And I'll promise that Benson will help, too. In fact, he'll be half tickled to death. He'll want to do the whole job."

"But he can't," said Miss Dennard firmly. "I must lead you on."

Thus it transpired that Corra, daintly but quietly attired, having left no explanations at home, departed for downtown in the Frothingham limousine with Ted on the seat beside her and the nervy chauffeur Benson at the wheel.

"Sure you've got the ankle shackles, Ted?" she inquired, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Yep, and sure you've got the iron bracelets?" returned her escort.

"Yes, and this, too," she whispered, and she whispered, and opening the reticule she carried she exposed a little snub-nosed revolver.

"Corra," Ted returned with a grip upon her arm, "you ought to have been a bandit."

She smiled at the equivocal compliment. She continued to smile, but in a stern, set way until Kendall, coming out from the restaurant into the mild August evening without his hat, approached her as she bent her head out of the limousine window and nodded a greeting.

"There's a little matter I wish to discuss with you," she said, thrusting open the door. "Won't you sit inside here for a moment?"

Kendall, with a sweeping glance at young Frothingham and the chauffeur, sitting with rigid faces upon the driver's seat, dropped lazily upon the cushion beside Miss Dennard.

"A limousine, eh?" he joked. "Strikes me you're getting extravagant."

"Only a friend's," Corra answered crisply.

"Man friend?" quizzed the plunger with a half-sneer that made her hold herself to escape answering him bitterly.

"Yes, Paul," she said sadly. "But not the kind you insinuate. You should know me better."

At the same moment she tapped lightly on the pane behind the chauffeur, and the limousine, for all the world like an unleashed hound, sprang forward along Broadway, threading its way through the mass of passing vehicles with astonishing dexterity and to the accompaniment of the stern eyes of the traffic police. Straight toward Central Park the car was driven.

"Where are you taking me?" cried Kendall, as the machine began to move. "And what's this you want of me, anyway?"

"Just for a brief jaunt," replied Corra, and as she went on she had difficulty in keeping an expression of significance out of her voice. "There are one or two things I wish to show you."

"Well, what are they?" he demanded, crustily.

"You should well know," she said in an undertone, sparring for time.

"Oh, don't beat about the bush!" insisted Kendall, angrily. "Is this a trick—or what?"

"A trick, Paul?" she replied slowly. As she spoke she glanced out to see that the car was scurrying past Fifty-fourth street. She realized that somehow she must keep him with her until Central Park was reached at Fifty-ninth street.

"Yes, a trick," he snapped with an oath, "and I won't stand for it! I want this machine stopped so I can get out at once"—he reached toward the speaking tube—"or I'll call the police."

"No, you won't, Mr. Kendall," hissed Corra, clutching the man's arm with one hand while with the other she dived into the dainty bag she carried and drew forth her snub-nosed, shining revolver.

She quickly pressed the chill muzzle

(Continued on page twenty-seven.)

OUT WEST STORIES

Ending the Man-Hunt

By *Augustin Wilber Breeden*

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FOREMAN BOB MERIDETH, ex-circus man, ex-smuggler, ex-nearly everything that a man seeking forgetfulness may be, sat before the door of the Bar-Horseshoe ranch house and gazed at the setting sun. Merideth was tired—tired of the heat and dust, tired of the eternal silence of the desert, tired of the endless years that had been dragging by since that day, now so long ago, when he saw his pretty blue-eyed sweetheart laid to rest in a little piny-woods graveyard, back in Georgia. But today he was especially tired of it all, and a strange feeling of finality was upon him. And for some unknown reason the thought of another cowboy, whose life was as tragic as his own, lingered in his mind like a half-forgotten tune that must be hummed.

"Missouri Jim Benham will be here before night," he said at last to Jenkins, the cook. "When I think uv a man all day, it's a sure sign that he's comin' to me er else is in trouble. Missouri may be in trouble. Ye know he's mixed up in that Benham and Simpson feud. Him an' Slim Simpson bein' the last sole survivors, has swore eternal vengeance, and want to clean up the whole race like the Kilkenny cats. Missouri ain't been in these parts for five years; but ye better fry some extra bacon tonight."

And Merideth was right; for just at dark who should come wearily over the trail but Benham?

"Well, well, ol' pard!" cried the foreman, as the cowboy got stiffly down. "Where ye been keepin' yourself these last five years?"

"Everywhere," answered the other, with a weary gesture. "I've been to ever' minin' camp, ranch, an' reservation in a thousand miles uv here, an' I jes' cain't strike 'is trail nowhere."

"Missouri," replied the foreman, almost tenderly, "you're jes' clean tuckered out; I can see that. I am, too, as fer as that goes. The trail I'm ridin' leads to nowhere, an' I can't he'p it; but you're ridin' the wrong trail uv yer own free will. I'm not wantin' to meddle with yore affairs; but, Missouri, don't ye think it's time ye was givin' up this man-huntin' business?"

"Bob, you don't understand," cried the other, almost peevishly. "I saw my ol' father an' two o' my brothers shot down by them Simpsons; an' my pore ole mother, on her dyin' bed, made me promise to git revenge. I wish I could turn back, but I jes' simply cain't."

That night, long after the other cowboys were fast asleep, Merideth and his friend sat before the door of the ranch house talking of bygone days. The beams of the full moon touched the desert with their silvery radiance, the air seemed pulsing with hotness, and far away to the south the heat lightning kept up an incessant play. A short distance to the northwest, where a slight ridge formed the sky-line, the cattle were slowly settling down to rest, while the song of the cowboys who guarded them could be faintly heard.

"Merideth," said Missouri, when they had talked a long time. "I got somethin' I want to ask yer advice about. I'm in love. I never told ye about it when I knew ye before, because I knew ye'd want me to quit the range an' go back to her; but me an' a certain little blue-eyed Kansas girl had been sweetheartin' before then. Her folks was good to my pore mother the first year that we come out there after the feud, an' me an' her was schoolmates when we was little tots. Well, she's been to the Emporia Female College an' gradgeeated since then; an' now she's teachin' school up in Clay Center."

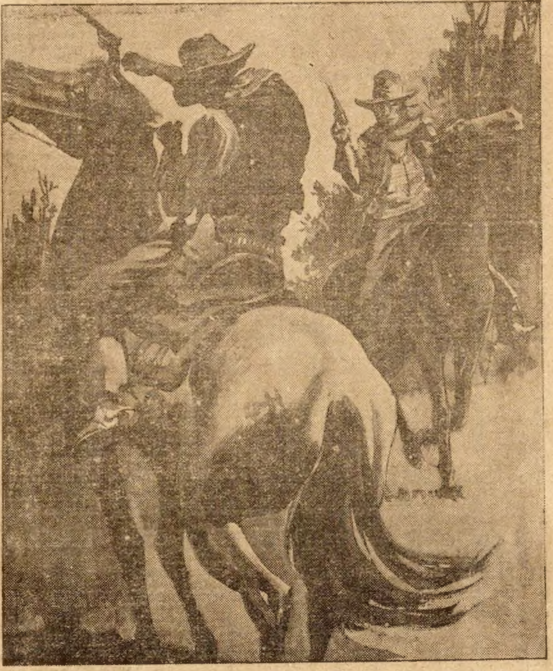
"An' so you an' her is goin' to git married?" shouted Merideth, with enthusiasm.

This quick sympathy for the joys and sorrows of others was all that made life worth while for the big, kind-hearted Merideth. He was known on the range for a man who knew more about cowpunchers and cayuses than they knew about themselves, and he was never known to let slip an opportunity to do a good turn for man or beast. Now his interest was awakened to the fullest, and the blue-devils that had been harassing him all day got behind him without even being bidden to do so.

"So you're goin' to marry at last?" he repeated. "Bully fer you!"

"Well I cain't jes' say whether she's a-goin' to marry me er not," replied the cowboy. "Sometimes she writes one way about it an' sometimes another; an' her letters ain't always easy for me to make out, me not bein' up much on the ways uv college folks. They's a letter in one o' my saddle pockets that I want ye to read in the mornin'. I can't tell exactly what it means, an' I want to see what you think about it."

While Missouri was saying this, he had fished something from his pocket and was carefully unwrapping layer after layer of old newspaper from it.



The next moment Simpson pitched forward.

"Lookee here," he said at last, in a triumphant tone, handing Merideth a photograph.

The big foreman gazed reverently at the trim lady in the severe tailored suit, who smiled at him out of the picture with a timid little smile. For a moment he was spellbound. It seemed to him that that other little lady with the gentle, timid smile and the blue eyes was there before him in the moonlight. By a trick of the fancy, this was a likeness of his own dead sweetheart, somehow got into the wrong hands. He struck a match and by its light scrutinized the photograph more closely; then he struck another and yet another before the fancy was dispelled and he had finished feasting his eyes on each little loving detail of the picture.

"Pard," he said at last, handing back the photograph with a sigh, "I had a little girl like that once. You've heard me speak of her, I know. An' let me tell ye, pard, if my girl was livin' tonight, and I had my choice between goin' back to her an' carryin' on a dead man's fight, I wouldn't be ten seconds decidin'."

Missouri was silent, and the other continued: "Missouri, that lady o' yourn ain't like the girls ye see at the dance halls; she's made out o' different stuff."

"Don't ye reckon I know it?" flashed back the cowboy. "Let me tell ye somethin'—ever since I got that photo there, I've cut out dancin' an' flirtin' with these other girls. It didn't seem to be quite respectful-like to her, an' I jes' cut it out."

Thus the two talked on. Cigarette after cigarette was rolled, and smoked, and tossed away; the cattle became quiet; the heat lightning to the south grew fainter and died away. The full moon reached her zenith and went sloping down toward the west. She had nearly touched the rim of the desert when the two rose stiffly from their seats.

"You'd better give up this foolish man-huntin' business," reiterated the foreman, as they prepared to lie down. "Give it up, an' stay with me till ye git a stake to marry on, an' then go back to yer blue-eyed Kansas girl."

"I'll do it," said his companion. "But I want it onderstood that if I happen onto Slim Simpson while I'm here, I'm to give 'im the best I got in the shop."

"All right!" laughed the foreman. "Go on to yer bunk now; an' if ary Simpson comes over the sky-line while you're on the Bar-Horseshoe, I'll let ye put 'is lights out, providin' o' course you're able."

Missouri had turned into the shack, and Merideth had gone to look at the ponies before lying down, when something black and towering appeared against the setting moon. It was not a maverick; it was too tall. What was it? As Merideth watched, the thing loomed up tall and lank, a giant oddly shapen, grotesque, and menacing. Then, while the astonished cattleman still gazed, it changed front and stood out clearly silhouetted against the setting moon. It was a tall cowboy riding a tall horse.

Merideth waited in silence. Nothing could be heard. The moonlight lay in long white streaks, with long black shadows between. Then a new light began almost imperceptibly to change the appearance of everything; it was coming day. And now, down the dimly lighted trail, the steady beat of galloping hoofs told Meridith that the stranger was at hand.

As the rider approached in the growing light, the foreman laid his hand lightly on his pistol scabbard.

"Good mornin', stranger," he said. "You're ridin' mighty airly in the day. Hev ye lost anything 'round here?"

"Yes, I have," replied the tall newcomer, with an evil oath. "I'm lookin' fer a cowpuncher about yore size named Jim Benham."

Merideth was staggered for a moment; quick as flash he was himself again.

"What d'ye want with Jim Benham, supposin' 'im to be here?" he demanded.

"Oh, he's here all right!" snarled the other. "I've follered 'is trail for three days. An' as fer what I want with 'im, p'r'aps you'll know when I tell ye that I'm Slim Simpson."

"Yes, they's a feller here named Benham," replied the astute foreman. "He's over there with the cattle now. Didn't ye come by there?"

The stranger hardly took time to answer, but wheeling his tired horse about, galloped away to where the cattle lay.

Jenkins, the cook, was up, and had seen the strange apparition and witnessed the interview.

"Saddle a horse for me an' one fer yerself, Jenks," commanded the foreman, turning to him. "An' don't wake Missouri, whatever ye do. It won't do fer him to meet that cuss. The pore boy's all tired out an' onnerved, an' wouldn't stand a ghost of a show with 'im. Besides, there's the pore little blue-eyed lady back in Kansas. It 'ud kill her, shore."

The cook obeyed without question, and Merideth went over to get the letter that his friend had referred to the night before. Some of the passages must have gone straight to the rough man's heart, for when the cook led up the horses he found his boss with moist eyes.

Across on the rising ground where the cattle lay the two could see Simpson turning away from an interview with the cowboys on the watch.

"Jenks," said Meridith, "I've always give ye a square deal; hain't I? Now come with me; I want ye fer a witness. Somebody's goin' to pass in, this mornin', an' I want ye to see fair play afterward. Whatever happens to surprise ye, don't ye say a word er make a move till the shootin's over."

The cook agreed, and the two rode down the trail and waited for their man. The sun was turning all the eastern sky to flaming gold, that grew and grew upon itself momentarily in brilliance and intensity. The foreman turned and looked at it with admiration.

"God is certainly great!" he murmured. "Now He's a-makin' all that. If I'm killed——"

"Look out," warned the cook in a low, tense voice, and Merideth turned to behold the man-hunter close at hand.

"Not over there!" he exclaimed. "I reckon you jes' lied about it."

"Steady!" shouted Merideth. "Eye on yer gun! I'm the man you're lookin' for. My name's Jim Benham, an' I'm certainly much obliged to ye fer comin' down here this mornin'. I've been lookin' fer you myself fer about ten years."

Simpson flashed at him a look of murderous hatred, but the foreman's voice was calm now, as he continued: 'I'm ready to fight ye here this mornin'; but I want it to be a fair deal with no lawin' an' no more killin' afterward, no matter which one passes in his checks. This man here will witness the agreement!"

The bad man nodded his head, and the cook agreed to see fair play.

The thing was over in a moment. Simpson fired first, but as he pressed the trigger Merideth touched his horse and the next moment Simpson pitched forward with a bullet through his heart.

"For the sake of the blue-eyed girl," said Merideth. "Now Missouri is safe and can go back to her. God bless 'em!"

The Ledger of next week will contain another of these stirring short stories entitled "The Man at Eldorado." You will find it good reading. Get the Ledger every week, or send in a subscription, is our advice to all. The Ledger ought to be in every home.

* * *

Enemy of Success.

Timidity, shyness and self-consciousness belong to the same family. We usually find all where we find any one, and they are all enemies of peace of mind, happiness and achievement, says Success. No one has ever done a great thing while his mind was centered upon himself. We must lose ourselves before we can find ourselves. Self-analysis is valuable only to learn our strength; it is fatal if it makes us dwell upon our weaknesses.

Timid, shy people are morbidly self-conscious; they think too much about themselves. Their thoughts are turned inward; they are always analyzing, dissecting themselves, wondering how they appear and what people think of them. If these people could only forget themselves and think of others, they would be surprised to see what freedom, ease and grace they would gain; what success in life they would achieve.

Thousands of young people are held back from undertaking what they long to do, and are kept from trying to make real their great life dreams, because they are afraid to jostle with the world. They shrink from exposing their sore spots and sensitive points, which smart from the lightest touch. Their supersensitiveness makes cowards of them.

* * *

She Would Not Shriek.

Prepossessing and voluble, she stood before the police magistrate to tell her story. Near by was a wall-paper hanger. He had been arrested on the woman's complaint.

"You charge this man with hugging and squeezing you," said the magistrate, addressing the woman.

"I do, your honor," was her reply.

"State the facts."

"Well, your honor, I heard a band play, so I opened a window to see what was going on. A political procession was passing the house. The prisoner, your honor, was hanging wall paper in the room, but he stopped work, came to the window and also looked out. Suddenly he threw his arms around my neck and almost suffocated me with kisses."

"Did you cry for help?"

"No, your honor, I did not."

"Why not?"

"Because, your honor, I feared my cries would be misunderstood. I am a Democrat and that was a Republican procession."

THE ISLAND OF GOLD;

Or, THE SWORD OF THE SEA

By WILIAM H. MANNING

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CHAPTER VII.

RUN DOWN IN THE DARK.

MARY LEE'S suggestion to her father had evidently looked to prompter action in the way of hospitality, and he bestirred himself and invited his companions from the deep sea to accompany him. As they walked, the men from the Fair Lady took heed to the island more closely.

"This," said Captain Wood, "seems to be a very fertile bit of land."

"It should be," Mr. Lee replied. "Years ago it was a favorite resort of sea-fowls, and as a result, it was long a center of the guano trade. Fact is, my grandfather and my father had the business here, and they made money. When the fowls deserted the place, the business ended, but my family had possession of the island, and as the birds had so enriched the soil, it was what you see it now. When trade ended, the business shanties here were replaced by my father with a dwelling house and smaller buildings, and I have kept up his custom since he died. My legal residence is in San Francisco, but in the proper season we all come here."

The island was a treasure in its way, for, though the few buildings were simple, and in keeping with the needs of the warm climate, very open, the wealth of trees and plant life appealed to the men so long on shipboard.

Mr. Lee did not fail to extend the hospitality he had promised, and it was fully appreciated, though a chance remark to Robert, that, when the White Wing was in the offing, Abner Caswell had occupied the same chair in which he was then seated did not tend to additional enjoyment of the occasion.

Yet, Robert was content. His earlier impressions of Mary Lee received new color, for he found her as charming as before, and the reserve of their first meeting was cast off. She joined in entertaining the party, and proved herself a model hostess. Now, too, they learned how she had chanced to warn them of Arrowpack's intended attack.

Mary and others of the party had been on a pleasure excursion, and unexpectedly found themselves near the ship Fair Lady and the pirates. One of her native servants, barely missing capture, overheard the talk of Arrowpack and his men, learned that an attack was to be made, and then told of it to Mary, who paddled to the ship.

It was now a pleasant ending of the day, but night drew near, and the stay was not long. The trio prepared to go, but it was with a promise that they would come again to Popoatto. They finally walked to the beach, and were about to enter the waiting boat, when Mary suddenly stepped to Robert's side.

"Do you really mean," she asked, "that you will go to Arrowpack's island?"

"Yes," the young man replied.

"Don't do it!" she exclaimed. "Keep away from Watihoe!"

"But business——"

"Is your life of no value to you?"

"Much! Decidedly much!"

"Then heed my warning. Beware of Arrowpack! Keep away from that dreadful island!"

There was an earnest warning in her tone, as well as in her words, and her dusky eyes spoke a language that impressed the treasure-hunter not a little. Really, he did not waver, but he could not look at her and persist in what she regarded as suicide.

"Well, we will give it further thought," he answered.

"If you go your sailing of the seas will soon end."

She stepped aside and the subject was dropped. Captain Wood and his associates entered the boat, which at once put off. A brisk turn at the oars took them alongside the Fair Lady, and the boat was hoisted to its place. Then the seamen ran up the ratlines, and the ship presently filled and stood away.

Twilight was falling, and the skipper and his young friends gathered in the cabin.

"We've got the clew!" exclaimed John, almost boyishly eager.

"Meaning'," asked Wood, "that Arrowpack's island is the Island of Gold?"

"Just so."

"Well, it may be, an' then it may not."

"Look at the evidence!" interrupted Robert. "A member of the Boxdall family has possession of that island, and his men wear pieces of eight as neck ornaments."

"At the very start, Captain," added John, "you asked us the question, how did Bradyll Inchwood know that all of the ancient pirate crew but himself perished? Well, I reckon that Poi Boxdall, the second mate, was also saved, and that the present Boxdalls are his descendants—great-great-grandchildren, or something like it."

"You see the evidence, don't you, Captain?" asked Robert.

"I see too much to please me," the skipper returned. "Look for yourselves. The pirate Zeraglio was killed in the year 1686, and his ship, the Sword of the Sea, was wrecked. Poi Boxdall was second mate, and we have no authentic account that he lost his life in the final storm. At the present day there is a banker in Hong Kong named Poi Boxdall, a very rich man. How did he get his riches? Did the first Poi survive the storm, return, and get that treasure from the Island of Gold? Does the family gold come from there? In brief, lads, was that treasure dug up long ago?"

"We should be foolish to deny the possibility ever since we talked with Mr. Lee. Still, there is a chance that there is nothing in it. Other men have made fortunes without any help but their gift for piling up money. Why not the Boxdall family in Hong Kong?"

"Possible, possible," agreed the skipper half-heartedly.

"Anyhow, we are not going to throw up the sponge on the strength of a mere theory. At daybreak, Captain, we are going to be near enough to Watihoe to look the place over. Unless the pirates are mighty 'early risers, we may have chance to look our fill before we are seen. That's our first venture—to see if Watihoe has the green crescent above the half-moon of gray rock."

"I'm with you, my boy!" agreed Captain Job, heartily. "Don't think because I mention possibilities that I've turned chicken-livered. I'm ready to fight it out, an' if we think it best, why, I'm with ye to walk right up to Arrowpack's bed an' pull his blasted nose!"

There was no trace of the boastful in this assertion, but the idea brought a laugh from the Inchwoods. Also it put matters on their old footing, and it was decided that they should be off Watihoe at daybreak.

After that they went on deck. The chief mate had the watch, and the Captain accosted him immediately.

"How's she headin', Mr. Pond?"

"Nor'west, sir."

"All right, keep her so. Now, Mr. Pond, get our bullies to work, and pack the yards. She's got to carry all she will stagger under an' not snap the masts. Hoist a cloud of sail, sir, and just make the old gal fly. Have up all that will ketch a breeze, an' if it's necessary, wet your canvas!"

"Why, sir, are we pursued?" cried the mate.

"No, but we are going to do some tall walkin' through the night. Pack her, sir, pack her!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The mate shouted to his men, and the larboard division piled up the shrouds in haste. Then there was a great yanking at gaskets and hauling at halyards, and presently the upper rigging blossomed out in white, and the smother at the bows raced foaming astern as the speed of the Fair Lady took on new life.

They were off for Arrowpack's stronghold shortly with everything drawing.

The cabin party remained on deck until ten o'clock, after which Wood gave the mate the position of Watihoe, as it was charted, and started for the companionway. There he paused and looked aloft, the light from the lanterns showing some uncertainty in his expression. The masts were snapping and the blocks creaking under the strain, but the skipper's confidence quickly returned.

"Keep her so!" he repeated. "As long as she cracks she holds!"

"No danger of starting a mast, is there, Cap'n Job?" asked John.

"Not an atom, lad, for the Fair Lady is built to cut water with her nozzle as a knife cuts cheese, an' she likes to wear all her clothes at once, the old gal does!"

Ten minutes later the cabin force were in their bunks, and the flight of the ship was wholly in the hands of Mate Pond and his gallant tars. Twenty-five leagues must be reeled off before dawn, or they would not be within sight of Watihoe when the veil of night lifted, and according to the chart, they must run eleven knots every hour to raise the landfall in time. This told only a part, for it was desired to do some investigating before dawn, the locality being new to all hands, so the run must exceed eleven.

Robert was the first of the cabin party to awaken. He immediately slipped on his clothes and went on deck. All was black there, the sky being lightly overcast. The lights burned in feeble points, making the few breaks in the darkness. The slatting, creaking, and snapping aloft told that the ship was still being urged.

The second mate, who had relieved Pond at midnight, was bending over the binnacle light, and Robert joined him and took a look at the needle.

"All merry, sir?" asked the young man, lightly.

"Fine as a fiddle, Mr. Inchwood. You'll see that we are steering just as orders were. I take it we have made over thirteen, and we must be somewheres near that island now."

"Excellent! I've been wondering if you would run her upon land betwixt and between, but I see her forefoot is still free."

"I won't grumble, for I'm neither galley-growler nor sea lawyer, but this sea is hardly clear enough to run her as we have in the dark. It's the old man's wish, though, and by the bones of Kidd! 'way she flies!"

"Right, my bully!" came the voice of Captain Job, himself, at their side. "What intermediate land we can't dodge we'll climb. Many's the time, when I was younger, I've coasted right over islands as large as Cuba with my ship, an' never furled a ribbon!"

It was clear that Captain Job was in excellent humor, and the mate laughed heartily at the absurd joke. Before more could be said, however, a warning cry rose from the lookout at the bows, and then another cry, this time one of alarm, pealed out thrillingly.

"We've run somebody down!" added the lookout, excitedly.

Wood ran forward.

"What was she?" he demanded.

"A small boat or canoe. I barely got sight of her—I was looking for land."

Again sounded a cry, this [illegible] off their beam, and the skipper stirred into life of a different sort. Forgetting haste at the call of humanity, he roared out the orders necessary to bring the Fair Lady to as soon as possible. That life must be saved if possible. At his bidding sailors ran to one of the boats, but as they were preparing to lower, a hail rose under the overhang.

"Throw a line!"

"Zounds!" gasped Wood. "The man is up with us! Is he fish or bird?"

Ben Witter cast the line, and presently it was drawn taut. Then a slight figure came over the bulwark, and Captain Job, holding up a lantern, had view of a dusky face. The rescued man was an islander. He stood dripping, but seemed to be firm on his legs, which was a wonder. He flashed a look at the Americans, and then another across the deck, and his lips parted in a peculiar manner not easy to read.

"What the deuce have we caught from the ocean?" wondered Robert.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OTHER TREASURE-HUNTERS.

The islander nodded three times in a jerky yet graceful way.

"You save my life!" he exclaimed. "Good! I glad!"

"Well, Mister Man," the skipper replied, "we seem to have you, sure enough. Hurt?"

"What should hurt me, since I did not go under your keel?"

"Sure enough! As for how you got after us so spry, why, you natives are half-fish, anyhow. Wish I could swim like that. Who are you?"

"My name Zattillo."

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ere are you from? Live near ?"

live Otuloo Island. I was in my You run me down, but that all You not hurt me, and I have not your ship. Why we not make ?"

o reason in the world why we uldn't. Your island I never heard of re. Say, if it's off our bows, can you gate us to Watihoe?"

e friendly expression left the man's abruptly, and his hand fell to the naked dagger that was thrust in scarf. With his brows sharply nward he did not look agreeable, and od's own hand crept into his breast ere he carried a pistol.

"Why," asked the islander, "you want go Watihoe? You like men who live re?"

Not by a blamed sight!" retorted the pper. "Like Arrowpack and his gang? by a blamed sight, you bet! I take you don't, either?"

The long knife was whipped out swift- and its owner kissed its blade.

Me like him that way!" was the reply, it came flash-like and venomous.

Why do you hate him?"

You know one night back—the same u call Tuesday—and the day before it. vas near Baheti Island with my friends, seven. Then Arrowpack come in his canoe, and with many mans, and he all but me. I jump in water—swim. ey fire spears, but I dive like fish. I away. That good, for I save my life. what of my friends that I love well? ey dead! Arrowpack kill them. See! o to Watihoe to find Arrowpack. Then hen—this!" and he again kissed the de of the knife.

'Near Baheti Island!" exclaimed Robert.

"Captain Wood, this must be the man I saw escape from that small canoe, just before we had warning of the pirates. I have wondered if the man escaped, and now he is here. A great swimmer he is!"

"You know 'bout that?' cried Zattillo quickly. "One big ships was near, and that night Arrowpack, he 'tack that ships."

"This very ship, and we are the men."

"You beat pirates, and so you no like them?"

"Not by a mile! Where were you going when we ran you down?"

"To Watihoe, to find Arrowpack."

"Lo you know where his island is?"

"Why, it what you call 'bout ten miles off."

"And you can take us there?"

"Easy! Me know all this sea near about. See, you! I say when you run me down I going to Watihoe to find Arrowpack. Why? I tell you why. He kill my brother, he kill my friends. You see this knife? It is for Arrowpack!"

There was no mistaking his meaning, and that odd way he had of parting his lips when he gave thought to the pirate was eloquent of a slumbering fire that no missionary had lighted in his breast, but, in spite of that, Zattillo was far from being repulsive or dangerous. Afterward, they found that when he thought on milder things his face was strinkingly gentle, and now, even while he told of his deadly purpose, his voice came soft with his blood birthright.

The most stupid of his hearers knew that he was a well-meaning man who had been driven to desperation by the butchery of his loved ones.

Captain Wood saw a stroke of great good luck in the finding of the man.

"Zattillo," he pursued, "we want to be a few cable-lengths off Watihoe when day dawns, but we don't know they way well enough to hit is exact. Will you give your help, an' lay us where we want to go?"

"Good! Me can do it, and it shall be. Me know all islands here, and it is easy. Been on ships before, too, and know that what you call the binnacle. It is a box with a compass in it, and a light so you mans can see needle of compass and know where you go. I watch him 'fore now time. Good! I take you to Watihoe!"

Captain Job drew a breath of relief. Zattillo impressed him most favorably, and it was fine luck, that, indeed of scurrying about to find an uncharted island whose position they did not know with precision, they could have such aid. The Fair Lady had not remained adrift during this talk, for the skipper had promptly given the mate orders to get her under way again, and now she was on her former course, though under reduced sail. Wood saw that the sky was fast clearing, which was another thing in their favor.

Zattillo, boyishly eager toprove himself capable, ran to the nearest mast and touched it with his hand.

"One time," he pursued, "me work as helper to ship's carpenters what build ships, and so me learn names of things. This same is called the main-mast. This part at level of deck is called the partners, and next part is the hounds, and next the head, and next the bibbs, and so so on. That things there is the trestle-trees. Oh! me know ships!"

It was a very sunny face that he showed them in his delight, and Captain Job shook his hand in delight that was almost equal.

"Mighty glad you are here, Zattillo!" he declared. "Be you a Kanaka?"

"My mother, she was Kanaka, but not my father. He"—the man hesitated, and then slowly added—"he was part Malay, but he good mans, I try to be good mans, too."

Questions devoloped the fact that Zattillo would drink nothing but water, but that he was both thirsty and hungry. He drank long at the scuttle-butt, and when food was added he was happy. Taking his stand by the binnacle he gave much heed to the needle, but it was chiefly upon his eyes and intuition that he relied, and he did not weaken in his pledge to take the Fair Lady where she was listed to go.

The sea was mostly open, but twice they passed islands, and before they were on their beam he recognized them and gave their names. Each rising point of land was familiar to him.

Finally, after peering sharply into the slightly graying night, he gave a little start.

"Land, ho!" he said, very softly. "You look hard, Captain, for now you see Watihoe. Water deep here, many fathoms, so no run ashore, but if you want to come to, tell helmsman to put her a-starboard. The wind, he blows from east, so best you keep to leeward."

"Shall you let the anchor go, Captain?" asked John.

"No, lad; we want to be able to up an' away right spry, when we do go. I did think of bringing to, an' lettin' her drift, but mebbe it will be better—say, Zattillo, do conditions favor our standin' off an' on hereabouts?"

"That all right, an' so you mans be able to slip away quick. But," the islander added, suddenly grave, "you no go ashore?"

"No, not this mornin'."

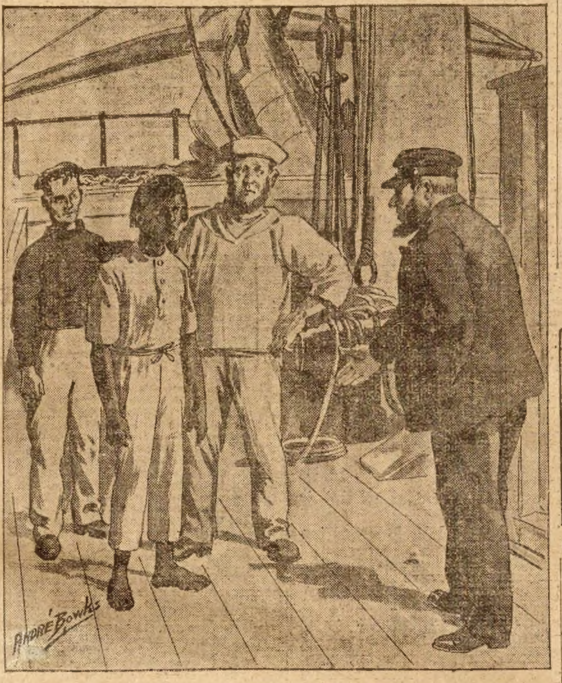
"S'pose I swim to land myself, mebbe."

"Zattillo, why hurry about this task of yours? As we look at it, we shall possibly come back, maybe tomorrow at daybreak. Let Arrowpack alone until then, will you?"

"All right, if you say so, Cap'n. I wait, but this you remember—my knife is for Arrowpack, and I no wait long."

The native's readiness in agreeing to their plan was pleasing, for all realized that he would be very helpful if they decided to land, while, if further search was necessary to locate the Island of Gold, his knowledge of the ocean would be of great importance.

The Fair Lady passed to leeward of the island, after which she took up the work of patrolling the offing. The advance of day was rapid, and soon the last shadows lifted and they had the desired view. Watihoe lay before them, calm, quiet, beautiful. Rude thatched houses were visible, but nowhere could they see



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One of Joe Miller's.

Funniman—Here's a joke that I can't nk of a heading for. Can you suggest e?

Editor (after reading it)—Yes; "Back m the Dead."

❧ ❧ ❧

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A Truthful Girl.

"I am very sorry, Captain Snob, that cumstances over which I have no con- l compel me to say no."

"May I ask what the circumstances ?"

Yours."

❧ ❧ ❧

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human-being, and it was clear that the pirates were not yet astir.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed John, "that's the Island of Gold! Just the right shape. That ridge runs from end to end, exactly as old Bradyll Inchwood wrote that it did in his day."

"But where is the half-moon of gray rock?" Robert hesitatingly asked.

"Yonder trees hide it. There is a full line of some sort—are they mulberry trees, Captain Job?"

"Them in front are, with candlenut trees back on 'em."

"They hide the gray cliff," added John. "Oh! that's our island, sure as you live!"

Robert turned to Wood, who was gazing hard.

"What's your opinion, Captain?" he asked.

"Well, lads, I ain't got none particular just now. The only thing I can see that agrees with Bradyll Inchwood's description is that ridge, an' there is many an island in the Pacific that has the like on 't. Also Watihoe is much larger than the Island of Gold was in Bradyll's day, being fully thirty acres, seems to me, but I long ago p'inted out that, in this tropic region, all islands is likely to have undergone many changes in the long time since the treasure was buried. A stray subterranean earthquake may have come along and heaved up more land, so size don't count."

"Hang those trees!" exclaimed John. "Wish I could see through them. Can't we land, Captain?"

"Not today, lad. Them pirates ain't goin' to sleep much longer, an' if we did land, no sooner did we get there than they would awake in a bunch an' butcher our whole party."

"But I must see if the gray cliff is there——"

"So you shall, John. Tomorrow we will be here before day break, and before the gray gets on to full day we will be where the cliff is, if any cliff is there. It will be risky enough landin', even then, but we will hazard it. Once there, the presence or absence o' the cliff will settle it for us—or maybe so."

"You are right," said Robert. "No need to rush this matter, John. Captain Job is sound in his logic."

"So he is," John returned. "Plan for yourself, skipper."

"For all, you mean. Well, my say-so is that we clap on a bit more sail an' get away afore we are seen. We will creep around the norrard end o' the island, for I sort o' want to size her up careful."

It certainly was time to be going, and nobody objected to the plan. In a few minutes the Fair Lady crept around the point of the island, and then another discovery followed.

"A ship!" cried John, hastily.

"A brig in the little bay!" added Robert.

There was no mistake. The shore-line curved inward, forming a miniature harbor, and there a vessel swung lazily at her anchors. It was no crude native craft, but one of some three hundred tons, and of trim, rakish, and saucy build. Captain Job stared hard, and then raised the glass to his eyes. This done, he lowered it again and turned upon the two charterers.

"Lads," he said, excitedly, "what do you think that craft is?"

"What is she?"

"Abner Caswell's brig, the White Wing. Now, what in the dickens is your precious cousin doin' here, chummy an' safe with Arrowpack? Birds of a feather flock together, but, I say, what's up?"

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG THE PIRATES.

Robert caught quickly at the glass and brought it to bear upon the vessel, but John used his tongue instead.

"The White Wing? Abner Caswell's brig? Are you sure?"

"Yes," Captain Wood replied.

"But what should she be doing here, right on board Arrowpack's island, so to say? He may have captured her."

"Try the glass, an' you won't think it," the skipper answered. "The watch is on deck, and seems safe an' sound. True, they are asleep, or so it appears, but that is only proof that they think themselves perfectly safe. Abner Caswell, late o' New York, and your rival in hunting for the treasure, is undoubtedly there. Now, why?"

Robert wheeled upon the speakers.

"Abner has made friends with Arrowpack!" he surmised, angrily. "Our cousin always was a reckless, mean knave, and to lock hands with a pirate is right in his line, but why—why is he here?"

"He and Arrowpack have doubtless agreed to dig the gold up together," hazarded John, "and divide the plunder."

"Let 'em do it!" laughed Captain Job, heartily. "Mark my word, if Abner has made an alliance with the pirate, said Abner is in for a grave hereabouts. Why, Arrowpack would keep faith with no man, an' Abner will find it out. But let them dig the gold, if they wish. What they harvest we will put in our treasure-chests."

"How will we get it?"

"Take it when they're not lookin' for us to do it."

It was well said, but neither Robert nor John shared in the sanguine prophecy. Arrowpack's force perhaps counted ten times their own number, and it would be no easy task to take treasure away from such desperate fellows.

While they talked the Fair Lady had been holding her course, and as they went the brig and the harbor alike grew less distinct. Captain Wood saw that the east shore of the island was rough, and, it seemed, not used by the pirates, and as it was his ardent wish to avoid discovery, he had the ship's bows swung farther to the south as soon as possible, thus preventing a possible lookout from seeing them. Anxiety on this point led to his spreading more sail—the sooner they sank the island the sooner they would be safe from spying eyes.

When Watihoe was a mere dot on the horizon, the skipper wore ship and stood away due south, it being his plan to run several leagues and pass the day in some quiet place where they could wait for the coming night. Here Zattillo's knowledge served them well, and under his direction they fetched to a favorable spot after two hours' sail.

Anchored in a secure little harbor, they took up the verbal end of their enterprise anew, and an animated discussion followed in the cabin.

The great question was whether Arrowpack's island was identical with the Island of Gold. John had settled the point in his sanguine mind, and he said so repeatedly, but neither Robert nor Captain Wood was ready to agree so quickly. However, old Bradyll Inchwood's manuscript received fresh perusal, and they tried to draw comfort from it.

Granted that John was right, the ugly fact was always in sight, that, if Arrowpack was a near relative of a modern Poi Boxdall, it must be more than chance that the pirate was living on the island where the first Poi Boxdall had helped to bury the treasure of the Sword of the Sea. And if this was so, the chances that any treasure remained were few and far from promising.

As the coming night was to be an important period, it was judged best that the mates and the foremast hands should no longer be ignorant of the purposes of the voyage. Accordingly, Captain Job called all hands aft and told a part of the story. It was enough that the men should know they were hunting for treasure, so the magnitude of it was hidden from them, and the skipper carelessly set the total value at a hundred thousand dollars. All the crew had signed the articles at the usual rate of pay, but the promise of something handsome as an addition brought a cheer from them, and they were promptly fired with the fever that consumed their superiors.

The day passed and the opening hours of night followed, a wearisome period fore and aft; but the time came when the anchor was weighted and the Fair Lady left the harbor. Once more piloted by Zattillo, they were off for Watihoe, and they fetched its vicinity at the hour set for the venture.

This time they approached the south end of the island, a compromise between radical boldness and over-caution, and wishing to get as close as was possible, the lead was hove for soundings until they found bottom at twenty-five fathoms. Then, as the water was shoaling rapidly, the bower anchor was let go with all possible caution, and the Fair Lady brought up with barely a cable's-length between her bows and the land.

Riding there, the treasure-hunters had a side view of the line of houses, and the fact that all was dark, as far as was then seen, led Captain Wood to counsel immediate action. Accordingly a boat was lowered with their former caution, and with four sailors at the oars, the skipper, Robert, John, and Zattillo embarked as passengers.

It was known that the latter carried his knife, and that he intended to see Arrowpack, but he promised not to do anything that would jeopardize the rest of his party. If necessary, he would delay.

The rowers worked the oars softly on the thole-pins, and without a word from any one made the land. The Captain caught at a bush and held the craft steady, after which all but the sailors stepped ashore. It was orders that they were to remain where they were, and not under any condition to land, nor to boat the oars. They must remain within reach and ready to retreat rapidly if any alarm took the shore party to the place in hasty flight.

With all settled, the adventurers walked on toward the center of the island.

"All is dead quiet," said Robert, his voice low-pitched.

"An' not a light visible," added Captain Job. "Reckon we have come to a sleepin' town, sure enough."

"The dwellings lie between us and the gray cliff."

"Slip quietly through between those dwellings!" suggested John, recklessly.

"Not by a mighty sight!" exclaimed Wood. "If we are to be detected an' sent to a better world, don't let us do the job ourselves. We will deviate a bit, an' so pass along the rear o' their shanties. Little time will be lost, an' prudence is my mate tonight."

"You are right," Robert coincided.

Conversation dropped. They were nearing the first of the houses, and even John grew wary. The dwelling were all small, doubtless of but one room, and as they afterward knew, only Arrowpack's quarters had an upper story. All, too, were very open, and it was a place where rash sounds would surely carry to sharp ears.

There had been some fear that Zattillo's zeal to avenge his slain kindred would lead to disaster, but his course was highly pleasing. Chosen to lead the way, he glided at the front with almost ghostlike caution, and appeared to have forgotten his own wishes entirely.

As they advanced the Americans grew to realize the nature of their hazard keenly. The island was long and narrow, and in their present position the houses were between themselves and the open sea, with the jagged sharp-rising ridge on the other hand. If discovered they must run back by the way they had come, and it would be literally running the gantlet—and one shout of alarm would bring all the murderous gang

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swarming from their huts. Robert Inchwood grasped his pistol tightly, and devoutly hoped that shout would not come.

At last they reached a point where the mulberry trees were on their left hand and the candlenut growth directly ahead. They made a slight deviation, passed the first of the latter trees, and then the Captain paused

"It should be here, if anywhere!" he announced.

"Eh?" said John, coming out of thought with a start. "The cliff?"

"Just so! The cliff is at the foot o' which old Bradyll Inchwood's messmates buried their vast treasure."

"The land is rising," put in Robert, doubtfully, "and rather rocky, but hardly a sheer cliff."

"Patience! We must look farther," John reminded.

"Swing to the right," said the Captain. "We must beat along that line o' risin' ground an' make a sure job on't. That gray cliff ain't goin' to run forrard to us an' holler, 'Here I be!'"

Robert glanced at the heavens.

"It is clear that we cannot make sure on this point until day dawns. The light is very good for night, but we can sweep only a limited extent of land at one glance. Confound this tropical vegetation! It's too rank and too much in evidence."

"Say!" added John, "doesn't that look like the end of the cliff?"

"Not a bit!" returned Robert, curtly. "T's only a detached rock"

"Take it easy, lads!" urged Wood. "Bear in mind that we must expect things changed from what they were in Bradyll Inchwood's days. If this is his island, nature has heaved up more acres from the ocean, an' changes in the original patch are to be looked for."

Falling silent, they walked the length of the island. Even sanguine John was staggered a trifle by the failure to find anything strikingly like the desired cliff, but on the other hand, nobody was ready to abandon hope. In many ways the place answered the demands of the quest.

At the north end of the island they made a discovery not wholly expected. The brig White Wing was still in the little harbor. Clearly Abner Caswell had found his stay with Arrowpack too pleasant to be ended abruptly. A lookout was pacing the deck, so the adventurers quickly slipped back out of sight.

"Better walk back halfway," suggested the Captain, "an' then wait for daylight. Let's make a thorough job on't, lads."

"My hopes go up!" exclaimed John. "Would Abner hang around here unless he saw treasures smiling upon him?"

"It is quite sure that he and his brig have not been captured by Arrowpack's gang?" asked Robert.

"Dead sure!" declared Wood. "That was a regular sailor who paced that deck. Oh! your Cousin Abner is all right, an' he has struck up a natural friendship with the pirate. What it means I don't know—hallo!"

Captain Job, leading the party, suddenly recoiled and stood staring.

"What's up?" demanded Robert anxiously.

"Look for yourself! See! Here is a great pit—a hole in the earth big enough to bury a house an' leave room for a pig-pen besides. Ay, an' here is a spade, left standin' at its edge. Thunder! Somebody has been diggin' here lately!"

"The treasure!" cried John, with reckless pitch of voice. "Somebody else has been after it."

"Careful, careful! Not too loud. Of course nobody is astir——"

Zattillo pressed forward.

"Soft, soft!" he whispered. "Listen, Captain Mans and you others. Listen! You hear him?"

"Hear what?"

"Spade! He go clang, clang! He hit rock. Somebody dig near by!"

'I hear it, an' it's over yonder. We must have a look. Step like cats, lads, or we shall get salted. These pirates awake is more than we bargained for, by the bones o' Kidd!"

They moved softly along the side of the pit, passed a thicket, and then Zattillo grasped at his allies and stayed their steps.

Before them was the farther part of the pit, and within it men were laboring with picks and spades, casting up the loosened earth.

"The treasure!" whispered John. "They are after it!"

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⁂

Mrs. Podway's Waterloo.

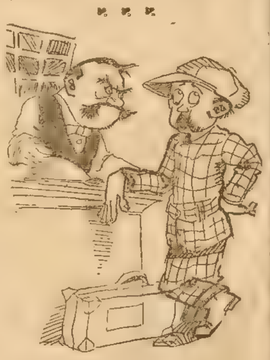
Housewives in Beanburg had grown to view with dread the evening calls of Mrs. Podway, a widow of an economical turn, although in easy circumstances, because, as all declared, she never knew when to go home. Weary matrons who had been up at daybreak, might nod sleepily, their voices grow drowsy and their interest in the visitor's chat flag, Mrs. Podway placidly continued her "visitation," and paid no heed.

Mrs. Tarberry, a woman of much force of character and a hard worker, had endured so much discomfort from her neighbor's calls that she felt justified in taking decided measures to free herself from the nuisance. One evening, then, as the clock struck ten and Mrs. Podway showed no intention of going, Mrs. Tarberry rose, lighted her bedroom lamp and said to her caller:

"I reckon I'll have to go to bed now, Mrs. Podway, seeing I have to be up early in the morning, but you needn't hurry off. Just bank up the fire when you do go, and put the cat down cellar, and take a look at my bread sponge in the kitchen to see if it's too cold to rise, and if it is, bring it in and set it by the fireplace, and move the flowerpots a little closer to the fire, and shut the window down tight and stick a nail over the sash to hold it, and brush the coals into the fireplace so they can't set the rug afire, and then blow the lamp out——"

Mrs Podway was on her feet at once. "I couldn't remember all them things!" she said, indignantly, tying on her hood and taking up her gloves. "I'd ruther go home now and done with it. I don't see what you're in such a mortal rush to go to bed for. I won't be able to sleep for an hour or two yet, 'cause I don't get up early, and I'll have to light up when I get home, and stir open the fire, and waste a lot of wood and oil!"

⁂



Tourist—Is this country a good healthy place to settle in?

Hotel Man—Best ever. Fact is ye can't git away from yere alive without ye do settle.

⁂

On the Phone.

2 p. m.—Oh, hello, Lizzie, is that you? I have only got about two minutes to spare.——Yep——Yep. I heard about that Say, do you know——

2.30 p. m.—I really must hang up now. ——No Oh, do tell me about it——

3 p m.—Honest to goodness, Liz, I can't talk another minute——Yep——Yep——isn't she the cat? Say, let me tell you something. I heard the other day——

3;30 p. m.—If George finds out I've been talking over the telephone all the afternoon and have forgotten to get anything for supper, there'll be something doing, believe me. I really must cut out talking now——Oh, no. Is that so? Why, what on earth did she do that for?

4 p. m.—Well, good-by, Lizzie. Awfully glad you called up——No——Whew! Is that so——Tell me all about it——For the land sake——

4:30 p. m.—Really I must hang up now. Mercy! Do you know what time it is?——Oh, no. I didn't hear that, but I did hear something the other day that put a crimp in me——No——Yes——No Wait and I'll tell you——

5 p. m.—Good-by, Liz——Oh, yes, I must stop now——You don't mean it. I always thought they were so happy together——Is that so?——Isn't it terrible!——Oh, go on and tell me the rest——

6 p. m.—Oh, horrors, Liz! Here comes George to supper, Good-by.

⁂

One by One.

Mother had gone to the "Ladies' Aid," and would not be back till nearly six. Margery and Harriet were to get supper all by themselves. "I'm going to surprise mother with some popovers," said the smaller of the two little girls.

"Why, Harriet, you don't know how to make them," objected Margery; but Harriet consulted the cookbook and set to work beating and stirring. It was a long process, and her mother came in just as she had put the pan into the oven.

"What are you girls up to?" she asked, as she saw the cooking utensils on the kitchen table.

"Mother, I've made some popovers," Harriet announced, proudly.

"But what are all those?" asked mother stooping to look into a row of six cups and bowls which showed they had contained something yellow.

"Why, those are what I beat the eggs in. The book said: 'Six eggs, beaten separately.' I don't see why, and it took an awful long time!"

Let Adler The Organ Maker

Save You $48.75

Take Your Own Time to Pay

The Adler Plan Wipes Out The Middleman

All Records Broken In Most Stupendous Nation-wide Sale of Organs Ever Known—Competition Entirely Swept Away By My Direct-From-Factory, Free-Home-Trial Selling Plan. It Will Pay You To Read Every Word Below!

An *Adler Organ* in your home will be a never failing source of pleasure, refinement, education and culture, making home the most attractive place on earth, paying for itself over and over again by bringing into your home life that which money can not buy—happiness and contentment.

Its value cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Think what a satisfaction it will be to listen to its sweet music—what pleasure to sing to its accompaniment the songs we love with the ones we love best.

I firmly believe that if there were an *Adler Organ* in every home in America we would be better business men, better working men, better farmers, better citizens because of the elevating power of music, and because I wanted to make it possible for every family to know the delights of music, I have originated the wonderful *Adler* plan of selling organs which has made the "*Adler*" a household word, more than 75,000 of these famous organs are now in the homes of the people. The time has arrived—*this very day*—for you to send for my Wonderful Free Organ Catalog. Learn how you can have the World's Best Organ—winner of highest prize at St. Louis World's Fair—sent to your home for 30 Days Trial without paying a cent.

So easy, too, to buy an "*Adler*"! Just send for my Catalog. Select the Adler Organ you like best I will ship it at once *Have it a month free.* Send no money until you decide to buy. Then, if you decide to keep it, after thorough examination, pay me at your convenience in small amounts. I charge no interest. I will do even more than that. If, at the end of a year, the "*Adler*" fails to make good on every point I claim for it, I will refund every dollar you have paid. And more: I will give you the longest and strongest guarantee ever made on an organ—*for 50 full years.* You see how easy it is to own the finest organ made.

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Mail Coupon! You can't afford to buy any organ until you see my plan to save you $48.75. So write for my Organ Book right now; FREE! The Coupon or a Postal will bring it.

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Adler Manufacturing Co. Louisville, Ky.

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Other agents are—you can do as well or better. Exclusive territory and special inside wholesale price so you can undersell all competition and make *big profit*. When your friends see your suit they will gladly order these swellest, hand-tailored made-to-measure garments. They will save $8 to $5. Suits, $8 up. Fit, workmanship, material guaranteed by bond. Finest for style, looks and wear.

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We back one man this way in each locality. Chance of your lifetime **SEND NO MONEY** to get swell clothes and make most money. Get in quick. No risk. *Everything sent express paid.* Hurry up postal today.

Great Central Tailoring Co. 720 Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO, - ILL.

WE START YOU IN A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

You can't make a fortune on a salary Your employer is making a profit on your labor. Make all the profit of your labor for yourself by establishing a growing Mail Order Business. You can do this at your home—Little time needed at the start Very little capital and no experience required. We furnish everything. No canvassing; simply handling easy details of a paying business, in which you'll find vast opportunities to make big money. Spare Time Work Can Mean $25 to $75 Weekly.

Salaried men and women who accepted our help and started small at home now conduct a big profitable business in their own offices When you're securely established in your own Mail Order Business and profits begin to pile high you'll wonder why you ever worked for a salary Look into this matter at once It's too important to allow delay. Write us Today for full particulars—no obligation. J. M. PEASE MFG. CO., 500 Pease Building, Michigan Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Will You Risk 1 Cent for $1.00?

If you are in a territory where you buy your whisky by mail, send me your name and address and I will send you something by return mail that will positively be worth $1.00 to you No strings attached to this offer. I want your name and am willing to pay for it. Send it today to R. G. Van, Sales Manager, Consumers' Distributing Co., St. Louis, Mo., and see what I will send you.

32 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and a Good Magazine for one year. The WHOLE THING for only ten cents. M. ROBERTS, 3910 W. 61st St., CHICAGO.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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Advertising rate $2.25 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,000,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

Failure is as familiar as success is shy.

Anyway, a rolling stone scatters the dust.

Stick to your friends but don't stick them.

If you sit in a draft the doctor may rash it.

Many a man could hide his light under a thimble.

But it is easier to earn money than it is to get it.

Some people speak as they think—only more frequently.

Many an early bird has been taken in by an early cat.

Never judge a man by his clothes—unless he is a tailor.

It's easier to look wise than it is to deliver the goods.

A girl is anxious to make a name for herself by marriage.

Domestic economy is taught in the school of matrimony.

Fools jump at conclusions; wise men jump the other way.

If riches didn't have wings there would be but few high flyers.

It's a question which are worse—shortcomings or long stayings.

A dark brown taste and a headache the morning after spell remorse.

Anyway, when a girl has red hair it's a safe bet that it is natural.

As a rule a woman ceases to be a man's affinity if he has to support her.

Judging from the obituaries most of the really good people must be dead.

You may have noticed that the majority of our coming men fail to arrive.

The proof of a good bluffer lies in his ability to make good when he's called.

It is better for man to do a little kicking than to deteriorate into a human football.

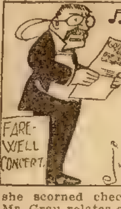
You are wrong, Cordelia. A man isn't necessarily on the water wagon because he peddles milk.

If a girl really wants to marry a man she can lead him up to the altar without waiting for leap year.

And many a girl has landed a slow young man by leading him to believe that she is on the ragged edge of marrying some other fellow.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

Shrewdness of Patti.



Patti, says Robert Grau, who managed her last tour in this country, was the shrewdest stage celebrity of her day. It is difficult to credit his statement that she may make another American visit, but her $4,000 a night, reaching $5,000 and more on her last tour here, is a record that is not likely to be soon broken. She would remain in her dressingroom until the cash, for she scorned checks, was in her hand. Mr. Grau relates a story of her ability to hold her own with impresarios.

Once the old-time minstrel magnate, Col. Haverly, had the ambition to become an impresario. He called on Patti at her hotel in New York, sent in his card, and was graciously received.

"Madame," said Colonel Haverly, "I should like to secure you for a tour of this country, if we can arrange terms."

"For concert or for opera," asked the diva.

"For concert," Haverly responded.

"Well, for how many nights do you want me?" Patti asked.

"Sixty at least."

"I will sing for you for sixty nights for $250,000 and the usual allowance for expenses—one-half of this amount to be deposited with the Rothschilds on the deposited with the Rothschilds on the matum.

"But, my dear madam," he said, "that is nearly five times as much as we pay our President for an entire year."

"Well," said Patti, "why do you not engage the President to sing for you?"

❧

No Insomnia Here.

Mrs. Eastside—Now thet you've got so rich I should tink you'd be afraid o' burglars.

Mrs. McSwimm—Sure, I'm not afeared at all, at all. I've sixteen alarm clocks set so that one will go off every half-hour durin' th' night. Whin a burglar hears one o' them he niver sthops to take anything wid him.

Mrs. Eastside—But don't they keep you awake?

Mrs. McSwimm—No, indade. It's not us would be waked up by a little thing like that. Before John got th' pipe contract I used to be a kitchen leddy, and John was a policeman in Philadelphia.

❧

Sandy's Politeness.

Mr. MacTavish attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds except the several capacities of the guests. In the midst of the celebration Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell.

"But, Sandy, mon," objected the host; "ye're not goin' yet with the evenin' just started?"

"Nay," said the prudent MacTavish, "I'm no' goin' yet. But I'm tellin' ye good night while I know ye."

❧

Lesson From History.

It is a relief to hear a story with a moral that even the humblest intellect may grasp without difficulty. Prof. John Spencer Bassett is accustomed to illustrate his lectures at Smith College with incidents in American history. On one occasion he repeated a story of Stephen A. Douglas.

Once when Douglas was sitting sound asleep in the corridor of the Capitol Miss Adele Cutts, a Washington belle, passed by.

She was struck with the intellectual face of the sleeper, whom she did not know, and was sorry for his discomfort. Stooping, she laid her handkerchief over his face to protect it from the flies. On awakening, Douglas found the handkerchief, sought the owner, and eventually married her.

There was a pause, and then the professor added:

"Young ladies, the moral of this story is, have your pocket handkerchiefs marked."

❧

Stranger—Have you a good hair tonic you can recommend?

Druggist (prohibition town)—Here is something that is spoken of very favorably by people who have drunk it.

❧

Up in the Air.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I've heard that no married man in Vienna is allowed to go up in balloon without the formal consent of his wife and children.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Perhaps not; but the wife goes 'up in the air' whenever it suits her, I'll bet.

❧

A Problem Solved.

Charles Landis, who is famous throughout all Indiana as a wit and story teller, thinks he has read the most original Shakesperian criticism ever written. According to him, it appeared in a paper published in Rising Sun, Ind., and it was called forth by the production there of "Hamlet" by Walker Whiteside. In Rising Sun Shakespere was a novelty and the little theater, the only one in town, was crowded to the doors for the performance. The next day the daily chronicler of the happenings in the village printed this:

"Shakespere's immortal tragedy, 'Hamlet,' was produced here last night. It was a great society event. The leading men of town and their wives and daughters were out in the best clothes they could afford. Seldom has such a distinguished assemblage been gotten together in this part of the country. There has long been a dispute as to whether Shakespere or Lord Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespere. The knotty problem can now be solved. Let the graves of both be opened. 'Hamlet' was written by the one who turned over last night."

❧

EAT AND GET THIN.

This is turning an old phrase face about, but modern methods of reducing fat have made this revision possible.

If you are overfat and also averse to physical exertion and likewise fond of the table and still want to reduce your excess flesh several pounds, do this: Go to your druggist (or write the Marmola Co., 1238 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.) and give him (or send them) 75 cents. For this modest amount of money the druggist will put you in the way of satisfying your ambition for a nice, trim, slim figure. He will hand you a large case of Marmola Prescription Tablets (compounded in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription), one of which you must take after each meal and at bedtime until you begin to lose your fat at the rate of 12 to 16 ounces a day. That is all. Just go on eating what you like, leave exercising to the athletes, but take your little tablet faithfully and without a doubt that flabby flesh will quickly take unto itself wings, leaving behind it your natural self, neatly clothed in firm flesh and trim muscles.

❧

Business Suggestion.

Bobby had worn his mother's patience to the limit. "You are a perfect little heathen!" she remarked, giving way at last.

"Do you mean it?" demanded Bobby.

"I do indeed," said his mother.

"Then say, ma," said Bobby, "why can't I keep that ten cents a week you gimme for the Sunday School collection? I guess I'm as hard up as any of the rest of 'em."

WANT ADS

FARMS FOR SALE

OKLAHOMA Farms for sale cheap. Write for letters describing same. Klink, Togo, Oklahoma.

FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, subdivided into 2 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5-acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000. Adjoining land held at $200 per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ¼ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash. Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dulmage, Morgan Park, Illinois.

FERTILE Virginia Farms—$15 per acre and up; easy payments; productive soil, close markets, good roads, schools; write for our beautiful descriptive literature and low excursion rates. F. H. LaBaume, Agricultural Agent, Norfolk & Western Railway, Box 4042, Roanoke, Virginia.

FOR SALE—10½ acres orchard farm, 600 Alberta peach trees bearing this year, located ½ mile from Nettches, Texas. Cash bargain. Charles F. Funk, 27 West Illinois St., Chicago.

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

HELP WANTED

ANYONE—Earn good pay copying addresses home. Particulars 6 stamps. Hinchey, 380, Middleport, N. Y.

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks. Average $90.00 month. Rapid advancement. Every second week off duty with full pay. Short hours; no "layoffs"; work very interesting, as you travel continually on free pass. Examinations everywhere May 4th. Common education sufficient, "Pull" unnecessary; farmers stand excellent chance. Write for free sample questions and schedule showing examination places. Franklin Institute, Dept. T-31, Rochester, New York.

FREE Illustrated Book tells about over 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A1084. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

HOME Business—Collect names, information, etc., for business concerns. Steady income. Instructive booklet for stamp. Information System, 760, Marietta, Ohio.

$2.50 PER DAY paid man or woman in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. J. S. Ziegler Co., 475 Plymouth Street, Chicago.

WE PAY $5.00 hundred for certain names; steady work, male or female. Stamp for particulars. Star Specialty Co., Bolton, Georgia.

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks. Examination May 4; $1,200 yearly; write for free trial lesson to-day. Ozment, K, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT Farmers Wanted. Examination April 10; $60 monthly; many needed. Write Ozment, 68F, St. Louis.

WANTED—Active man in each locality. To join this Society. And introduce our Memberships. Sick, accident, death benefits. All or spare time. Make $50 to $500 a month. Write. Box LB-293, Covington, Ky.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOVERMENT Matrons Wanted. Examinations March 13, splendid position, many needed. Write Ozment, 68-M, St. Louis.

AGENTS

AGENTS Wanted—Sell rich looking imported 36x48 rugs. $1 each. R. Carter, Milan, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; his profit, $51. You can do as well. Write for sample offer and unique selling plan; exclusive territory. B. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

TRUSTWORTHY men or women wanted as local representative of responsible manufacturer. High class merchandise and clean selling methods. $12.00 per week guaranteed on easy conditions, with possibility of $30.00 and advance. Experience not necessary. Manufacturer, Box BP-278, Philadelphia.

$ MONEY—Wise men write for particulars quick. "Eggleston." R. D. 1, Box 40, Corinth, New York.

AGENTS' New Century (Home) Broom. Write for facts quick. Make $4.00 for ½ day's work. Just investigate. Sample free to workers. Hilker Mop Co., 1492 Grand Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

AGENTS on salary or commission. The greatest agent's seller ever produced; every user of pen and ink buys it on sight; 200 to 500 per cent profit; one agent's sales amounted to $620 in six days; another $32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co., X, 96, La Crosse, Wis.

24 MINIATURE Photos, copies from any picture sent us, 12 cents. Original returned unsoiled. Reference, any Washington resident. Brooks Studio, 916 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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ELECTRICTY, Plumbing, Bricklaying, Painting and Decorating taught by practical instruction. Positions secured for graduates. Write for illustrated catalog. Coyne Trades School, 136 E. Illinois St., Chicago.

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FREE to boys and girls. Large Exhibition Chromatoscope. Write Tims, Box 649, St. Louis, Missouri.

GUARANTEED Watch or gold plated bracelet free to boys and girls for placing sample packets Seeds with friends. Sample free. P. People's Co., B-41, York Haven, Pennsylvania.

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ORPINGTONS! Young cock[illegible] [illegible]om, world's record layers $1.25 each or five [illegible] Ben[illegible] ted catalogues free. Chevio[illegible] [illegible]ms, Ra[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS

RARE books, art pictures, drugs, druggists' sundries, ladies' toilet goods and appliances. Catalog free. Globe Publishing Co., Box 263, Augusta, Michigan.

$7.75 Paid for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $½. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10c at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Box 70, LeRoy, N. Y.

BARGAIN—Three fine neckties $1. Gold-plated Pin free. Ties and pin retail at $2.50. This offer is for short time only. Send $1 at once. Money refunded by return mail if not satisfied. Name colors desired. W. C. Watkins, Parnassus, Pa.

MUSICAL

RAGTIME Piano Playing taught by mail. Write for free book. Christensen Musical College, 85 Auditorium, Chicago.

STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN for sale cheap. Excellent sweet toned. Sent on trial. Miss Bertha Mardisse, Route 5, Rosedale, Kansas.

PERSONAL

MARRIAGE PAPER free; best published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRY RICH—Matrimonial paper of highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free, sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois.

MARRY—Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minnesota.

MARRY—500 ladies and gentlemen will marry; highest characters; send 25c for 500 names and addresses write direct to them. Dr. Hutchison, Dept. 47, Sedalia, Mo.

FORTUNE TOLD—Mysteries of life unveiled. Three 2c stamps and birthdate brings wonderful reading. Prof. Millet, Box 725, St. John, Newfoundland.

MARRY—Best plan on earth, sent free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, Dept. 674, Marshall, Mich.

MARRY—Catalogue with hundreds of photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Dept. 674, Tekonsha, Michigan.

MARRY—Book of Descriptions; mailed sealed free; many wealthy. The Exchange, Box 525 A, Kansas City, Missouri.

SEND 25c to-day for Walrond's Practical Guide to Astrology, Healing and Occult Sciences. New catalog free. Write now. Walrond's Occult Publishing Co., Dept. J5, Rochester, New York.

LOST PERSONS

CHAS. E. KRAMER and Ray Smallwood. Last heard from working out of Spokane for Dan Boyington. Address Mrs. Bessie Bryant, Troy, Montana.

HEIRS Wanted at once. 50,000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Facts in booklet BL. Send 2c stamp. International Claim Agency, Pittsburgh, Pa.

When Wild Turkeys Called

By Augustin Wilber

Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.)

KIOW- kiow- kiow!

"Listen, Sarie; they's turkeys in that gulch up yonder," said old man Naibor, pointing up the mountainside with the one remaining digit of his right hand, as he hobbled toward the double log house on his one good leg. "Take a gun an' a caller, Sarie, an' see if ye can't git one. I could git a half a dozen betwixt here an' the head o' the gulch, if them infernal Gunters had left me with my fingers an' my two good laigs. Oh, I wush I [illegible]ld climb a mountain an' handle a [illegible] t wouldn't be turkeys I'd hunt!"

"Hush, pap," said the girl, sadly, "don't [illegible] remember what Brother Scott said [illegible]'s sermon las' preachin day about [illegible]ivin' an' gittin' forgiveness?

"Wall. I reckon Pa'son Scott hain't never lost three fingers an' a left laig a-fightin' agin such a tribe as them durned Gunters!" retorted the old man. "If he had he'd change his tune a little, I reckon. Listen, Sarie!"

As the two paused in the path to listen, the faint, sweet call-note of a wild turkey hen came floating down on the balmy air of the autumn afternoon.

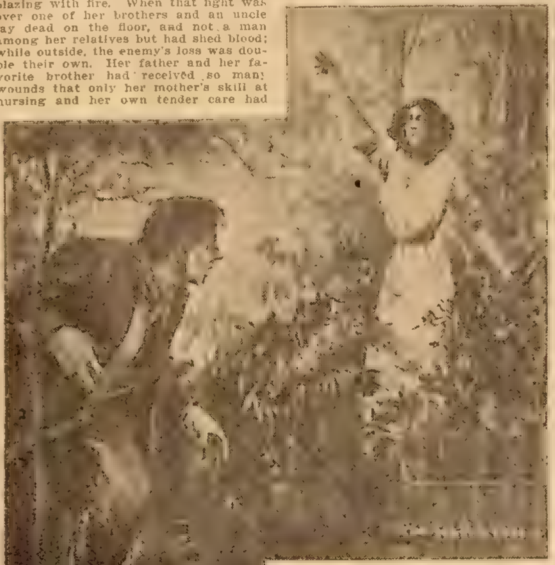
Half an hour later this bronzed and stalwart girl of twenty-one was pushing her way through the rank undergrowth of the mountain gulch, stopping now and again to listen for the familiar call. As she worked her way up over loose bowlders and through tangles of "stretchberry" and wild grape, she kept thinking of the feud, that, as long as she could remember, had raged intermittently between her own people and the numerous family of Gunters. She recalled that awful night, now four years ago, when the Gunters had surrounded her father's house and every tree and bowlder [illegible]med blazing with fire. When that fight was over one of her brothers and an uncle lay dead on the floor, and not a man among her relatives but had shed blood; while outside, the enemy's loss was double their own. Her father and her favorite brother had received so many wounds that only her mother's skill at nursing and her own tender care had finally coaxed them back to life. It was after these long weeks of caring for the wounded and mourning the dead that the mother suddenly sickened and died. Since then Sarah had lived alone with her father, her married brothers and sisters having "squatted" on little homesteads about the mountainsides, always ready for a renewal of hostilities

Sarah had been one of the bitterest of them all until the winter before, when she became a "seeker" at Brother Scott's "big meeting," and rose from the anxious seat with a feeling that this feud was an abomination, a curse, a device of the Devil. At that same revival Jeb Gunter, a young bachelor, who had settled a forty of land on a lonely mountain spur just above her father's little valley farm, had also been converted; and the girl had often wondered if he now looked upon this family war as she did.

Kiow- kiow- kiow, floated a soft call from the timbered ridge above, and kiow- kiow, came a faint answer from another direction. The girl chose to lure the nearer one, and putting a short slender reed to her lips she imitated the call exactly. She answered several times, then pushed on fifty yards or more and began answering again. Her victim was coming nearer, as she could tell by the growing distinctness of the call. Finally she thought she could see it moving in a thicket of brilliant frosted sumac not two hundred yards away. Dropping behind a log, she raised the sights of her rifle with the confidence of a skilled marksman, and began trying to lure her game into full view. But though her every call was answered promptly she could by no means entice her quarry into the open, and she decided to hazard a shot at what she considered the forepart of its body. Taking steady aim she pulled the trigger

Bang! And a figure, not that of a turkey, leaped from the bushes. Heavens! It was a man! It was Jeb Gunter, and she had shot him! In a flash she remembered now that she had had a dim impression all along that the call-note had a slight false tone in it, but in her excitement in trying to get a shot the impression had slipped completely out of her mind. As the smoke cleared away she saw her victim run to cover behind a tree, as if fearing an ambush, t[illegible] meanwhile to manage his Winche[illegible]r with his left hand, while his right hung limply at his side.

What should she do? At once she realized the dread import of this accident, and knew that it would almost certainly precipitate the feud anew. While she hesitated, she saw the wounded man fall in a heap to the ground, and forgetting all other considerations, she ran forward to his assistance. He was unconscious when she reached his side. His shirt was already reddening with blood, and tearing it open, the girl disclosed an ugly hole in his right shoulder. At once she began to pray and work. She prayed aloud and all unconsciously, while her nimble fingers tore strips from her jacket to stanch the flow of blood. How she longed for a few drops of whisky at that moment. She chafed his hands and wrists vigorously, and finally, when she was beginning to despair, her patient opened his eyes and looked about him in a confused manner



It was Jeb Gunter, and she had shot him!

"Oh, Mr. Gunter!" cried the girl. "Oh, Jeb, please don't think I done it a-purpose! Yo' kep' answerin' me an' answerin' me, an' I saw your black coat an' thought it was a turkey. Oh, I'll go fer a doctor—I'll take keer o' you—I won't let you die! An' oh, fer gracious mercy sake, don't let this start up the feud ag'in!'

"I won't," answered the man, grinding his teeth together with the severity of the pain 'I understand how it was—I was fooled, too, an' was takin' aim at your jacket when yo' fired. I'm glad yo' pulled fust— my hip pocket—some liquor —quick, give me a drink'

The man almost fainted again before the girl could put the bottle to his lips. Then he laughed at himself shamefacedly for his weakness

"I'm all right!" he said, after he had got the second dram. "I ain't hurt much, girlie. He'p me up an' kind o' steer me fer a spell, an' I'll git home all right. Hit's only a little piece to go."

With difficulty the girl pulled him to his feet and got him to his cabin. There she made a fire in the fireplace and washed and dressed his wound, as she had so often done for her father and brother, and making him as comfortable as possible, prepared to go home.

"I'll git a doctor here before mornin'," she cried. "Doctor Ray at Parkersville, that holp us with pap and brother Zeke, he'll come; an' I'll git to him somehow er other.'

The wounded man shook his head.

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* * *

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"Yo' caint do it, girlie. Your pap's hosses are rangin' 'way down the crick with mine. Besides, they're all barefooted, an' it's twenty miles to Parkersville the nearest way."

As Sarah realized the truth of the man's words and felt how helpless she was, she sank down into a corner of the cabin and began to weep.

"Doan' cry," begged the wounded man. "I doan' believe in doctors, nohow. Didn't yo' say the bullet went clean through? I got two like that the night your pap lost his laig, and I guess I kin stand another un."

"I'll come back an' take keer o' you," sobbed the girl in the doorway, "an' I'll let your folks know, so's they kin come. I've got some medicine at home that we used fer pap an' Zeke; I'll bring that."

At the mention of his people Gunter became suddenly excited.

"Doan' let the folks know!" he cried. "I'd rather die! They'd start the feud agin. I've seed enough o' fightin' myself, an' you know what Brother Scott said last meetin' day about forgivin'. Run home now before your pap suspicions somethin'—I'll be all right in a little bit."

So the girl finally left her patient, promising in spite of protests to be back before midnight. She found her father irritable over her long stay and poor luck, but she prepared him a steaming supper, and had the satisfaction of seeing him unstrap his wooden leg for bed a good half-hour before his usual bedtime. By ten o'clock she knew he was fast asleep, and getting some bandages and disinfectants—left over, as she said, from the last outbreak of hostilities, and carefully saved up against the next—she tiptoed out of her little lean-to bedroom into the crisp autumn starlight.

She found the wounded man tossing with pain when she reached his cabin, but at a word from her he made an effort to compose himself. She gave him a sleeping mixture which sent him into a fitful doze. Then she went quietly to work and washed the dishes and made everything tidy about the rude bachelor quarters. At midnight he was still dozing, but by two in the morning he had begun to talk deliriously. The burden of his talk was the sweetness of Sarah's turkey-call and the fear that this accident would start the feud again. By three he was in a delirium of fever, and the half-frightened nurse could not make him recognize her. And she must be at home before four; her father would wake promptly and call her at that hour. So, crying softly to herself, she closed the cabin door and hurried down the flinty mountain trail.

She must plan some way to visit her patient during the forenoon. How she did not know, but visit him she must. She finally decided to pretend that she was going to hunt the horses, and so leave her father some dinner and be gone all day. And all day long she sat by the bedside of the delirious man; and often she blushed through her bronze at the tender words with which he spoke of her and her sweet voice. But he seemed to be growing worse, and when she sadly took her way home through the early twilight, it was with a guilty feeling that, perhaps, after all, she was doing wrong in not letting his relatives know.

Supper at home was soon over. She told her father at the supper table that the horses had strayed over the "Ridge," and that she must start earlier and make another trip for them. Again that night, as soon as she heard her father's regular breathing, she once more slipped out into the night and took the well-known trail. The night passed heavily, and the delirium and fever of the wounded man seemed to grow no better. How the girl longed for a doctor or for just any one who could help. Still she shrank from letting his people know.

The next two nights passed much the same as the two before. Sarah managed one way and another to deceive her father and spend most of her time with her patient. She blushed to acknowledge to herself how much she wanted him to get well and know who had nursed him back to life, and again she cleaned up his little cabin for him. The fourth day of her watch was Saturday, and she expected that her father would go to the crossroads store and be gone all day; but he disappointed her by saying that they must finish digging the potatoes that day, for fear of a cold snap over Sunday; and when she said she could do the work alone he insisted on staying and helping her. So all day long she dug potatoes and prayed for night.

She hurried through supper with trembling haste, and a little after bedtime was once more dragging her aching limbs up the steep slope, while her accusing heart kept telling her that she ought not to have kept her secret. As she neared the cabin a terrible fear came upon her that perhaps the man had died during her absence. The thought of his lying stark and dead in that lonely cabin struck terror to her heart, and she could not bring herself to approach the door until she heard his low moaning within. He seemed much better, and soon fell into a quiet, natural sleep; and she, knowing that a change for the better had come, composed herself as best she could, and dozed before the fire.

About midnight the sick man awoke.

"Sarie!" he cried, feebly. "Sarie, is that you?"

His first sane words thrilled the girl like a cry of victory. She leaped up from the bench.

"Yes, Jeb!" she cried. "Yes, hit's me. Oh, I'm shorely glad you've come to your right mind ag'in!"

The sick man sighed.

"How long's hit been, Sarie?"

"Nearly a week."

"Nearly a week! Has my folks found out? Has the feud broke out agin?"

"No Jeb," replied the girl, in a quieting tone. "Nobody don't know but us two. I've been takin' keer o' you all along—didn't you know that, Jeb?"

"Yes, I reckon I kind o' knowed it, girlie," replied the man, as he looked tenderly at her in the firelight, "though all I been a-hearin' from first to last was that sweet voice o' your'n a-callin' an' a-kiow-kiowin' in the woods."

They were both silent for a long time and then:

"Sarie!"

"Yes, Jeb, what is it?"

"Sarie, do you reckon you an' me could put a stop to this feud?"

"Why, Jeb, how?" questioned the girl, coming eagerly to his bedside.

"By gittin' married,' 'answered the man. "Doan' yo' think yo' could learn to love me, Sarie? I've been lovin' you ever since I heered you testifyin' in the big meetin' last winter."

"An' I've been lovin' you, well, ever since I shot you,' anyway, an' maybe before."

The man reached out a big hand and clasped the girl's and she stooped down and kissed his unshaven lips. Thus their troth was plighted.

Then, with the reflex that followed their first ardor, came the fear that all this might be only the beginning place for more trouble between the two families. Suppose her brothers and father should forbid her to marry a hated Gunter, or that Jeb's people should rashly renew the feud before he were well? Here was happiness, but happiness in the midst of peril. The next day being Sunday, some of Jeb's relatives were almost sure to call at his cabin, especially as they would have missed him at the store on Saturday. Should he relapse and lose consciousness again and they find him thus, there was no telling what might be the result.

As Sarah bade her lover good-by and stepped forth into the air at four o'clock that Sunday morning, a cold, sleety rain was falling. She felt sure her father would spend the forenoon before the fire in the main room and take no notice of her whereabouts from breakfast till dinner time, and she resolved to hurry back to Jeb at the earliest possible moment. But she was destined to meet a disappointment. The father, contrary to his usual custom, established himself at the kitchen fireplace, and every hint the daughter made for him to go to the more comfortable room seemed only to increase his determination to remain where he was.

As the morning passed, the girl grew desperate. She resolved to go to her lover in the afternoon, if she had simply to run away from her father through the rain. She prepared an early dinner. Then she told her father that she had dreamed the night before that her sister was very sick, and that she couldn't get the dream off her mind, and was going that afternoon to see if it were true. Had she told her father that she had learned this from a passer-by, the old man would have had his doubts; but since she had dreamed it, he gave it full credence.

"But you can't go in the rain," he objected. "You must wait till it fairs off a little." And as if the fates were against the poor girl, the rain changed from a light drizzle to a steady downpour, and it was three o'clock when it slackened a little and she slipped out into the wet.

She climbed the mountain through the cold gray light of the afternoon, wondering as she hurried along how Jeb was and how he had passed the hours since she had left him. But what was that she saw as she came in sight of his cabin? The road was full of saddled horses—the dooryard full of Gunters. Her hand went to her heart, and she almost fell in the path at the sight. Her first feeling was that Jeb had died and they had come to bury him. Or perhaps they had gathered together to organize the feud? A wild thought took possession of her; she would rush forward and give herself as an atonement for her crime. But a moment later she was cool and collected and had found a new womanhood that startled even herself. Resolutely she stepped among these rough, angry men, and instinctively they fell away before her.

"How is he?" she asked naturally, of two who were standing near the bed.

"You ort to know," retorted one of the men, with an ugly sneer. "He's been outen his head an' talkin' about you all day, ever since Bill Gunter's boy found him this mornin'. Per'aps you kin tell who shot 'im, eh?"

The girl was assailed on all sides with angry questions mingled with oaths and threats. She knew what these men were like, and felt that if she wavered for a single instant they would forget that she

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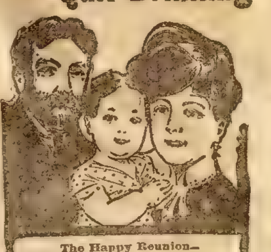

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was a woman, and remember on[illegible] that she was of the hated Naibor tribe. An instinct of self-pres[illegible] prompted her to play her par[illegible]

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A Marvelous Synthetic Gem

The greatest triumph of the Oxy-Hydrogen Furnace. Will cut glass. Stands filing, fire and acid tests—guaranteed to contain no glass, have no paste, foil or artificial backing—brilliancy guaranteed for [illegible] [illegible] Write for our [illegible] FREE.

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GOV[illegible] easy to get. My [illegible] now. Write today [illegible] HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

NEW BOOK, "JANE," [illegible] of books and [illegible] Columbus, O.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. [illegible] CHICAGO [illegible]

FREE Life [illegible] Send birthdate [illegible] Box 865, Portland, [illegible]

"Jeb!" she cried, [illegible] the sick man and looking into [illegible] face. "Wake up, Jeb, [illegible] shot you, an' [illegible] back to life ag'in."

The wound[illegible] took in the [illegible] at a glance. [illegible] a tremendous effort [illegible] together, and when [illegible] lips moving in the [illegible] became as still as [illegible]

"[illegible] know," he said with diffi[illegible] fur my enemie[illegible] this little girl an' me was [illegible] huntin' turkeys, an' we both [illegible] each other fur turkey hens. She [illegible] first, er I reckon she'd be in 'er [illegible] right now."

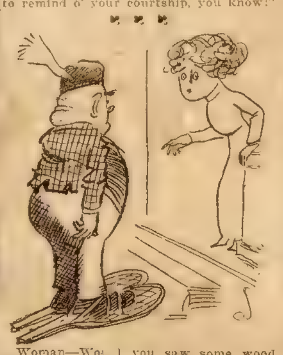
The men glanced at each other as if [illegible] doubting. The silence in the room was [illegible] with ex[illegible] and smothered hate. After [illegible] the [illegible]ker resumed:

"She's been takin' [illegible] since. Now we'[illegible] put a end to this onchrist[illegible] that [illegible] of it. [illegible] down [illegible] oh, I [illegible] be willin', an' not [illegible] out ag'in!"

The hush in [illegible] that the breath[illegible] bed became dist[illegible] ry Gunter [illegible] feud, was [illegible] companions [illegible] that [illegible] of all Jeb talk abou[illegible] callin' an' a-kio[illegible] more bus[illegible] till [illegible] weddin' da[illegible] come [illegible] an' show we've got forg[illegible] [illegible] nough killin' for [illegible] has on both sides [illegible] man enough to [illegible]

[illegible] company filed [illegible] were mounting [illegible] one of the younger men came back [illegible] his head in at the door [illegible] pitched tone of raillery: [illegible] if you'uns will let us know [illegible] before the weddin', we'll bring ye in a wild turkey er so—jes' to remind o' your courtship, you know!"

❦ ❦ ❦



Woman—Wo[illegible] you saw some wood for a meal?

Tramp—Well, if de wood's soft pine, and de saw's sharp, an' de meal begins wid oyster cocktails an' ends wid black coffee, cigars [illegible] a game o' billiards, I might.

❦ ❦ ❦

The Canny Scot.

An uneducated Scotsman made a fortune. One day he and an acquaintance were talking, when the latter said to old Duncan:

"Say, Duncan, you don't know enough to go in when it rains. Why you can't even spell 'bird.'"

"B-u-r-d," said Duncan.

"I tell you you don't know anything. Why, if you had to spell to make a living you'd have been dead years ago. I'll bet you a hundred you can't spell 'bird.'"

"I'll tak' ye," quickly replied Duncan.

After the money was put up, Duncan said, "B-i-r-d."

"That ain't the way you spelled it the first time."

"I wisna bettin' then."

❦ ❦ ❦

Had Plans.

She was a lady visitor to the prison, kindly and well meaning, and as she chatted with a burglar who had been sentenced for six months' imprisonment, she thought she detected signs of reform in him. "And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future, on the expiration of your sentence?" "Oh, yes ma'am," he said hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a postoffice."

❦ ❦ ❦

Mrs. Tubbs—Don't you think there is feeling in Maria's playing, John?

Mr. Tubbs—I certainly do. When I [illegible]ar it it always makes me feel that I'd [illegible]'

Escaping the Snare

(Continued from page two.)

[illegible] Sir Gerard Courtnay?" Jack started. [illegible] Sir Gerard may be related to Doroth[illegible]

"God forbid!" exclaimed Jack, passionately. As his father looked at him in surprise, he added, "God forbid that the same blood runs in Dorothy's veins as in that man's."

"You speak [illegible]" his father, rather [illegible] you against Sir Gerard Courtnay?"

"What have I against him?" Jack re[illegible]flected for a moment. "Nothing [illegible] but I don't like him."

"I do not like [illegible] reason why I [illegible] lev. "Don't let your dislike [illegible] Jack. Sir Gerard is [illegible] profitable [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] York woman, Miss Cromwell, to [illegible] the [illegible] baronet had been ver[illegible]

Jack smiled grimly, when, a mo[illegible] or so later, she passed out on the veranda. The matter had not interested him before, but he found himself wondering whether the baronet intended to marry the rich middle-aged, unattractive woman, who so openely showed her infatuation for him. He felt restless and uneasy, when, a little while later, Miss Cromwell entered alone, having evidently failed in her quest of Sir Gerard Courtnay.

* * * * *

Dorothy, on her way to the door, started and looked back at her father as he read the name on the card.

"Sir Gerard Courtnay!" she repeated, a little breathlessly. "Why, what brings him here, father?"

"I don't know," replied Dr. Ainslie musingly. "But I confess I am curious to find out."

He placed the card on his desk and moved toward the door. Dorothy followed him from the room and went slowly the stairs, thrilled with a feeling of expectancy.

Sir Gerard Courtnay who was standing at the window, looking out into the moonlit garden, turned slowly as Dr Ainslie entered, then came forward. The servant had lighted the lamp suspended from the ceiling, and, as the light fell full upon the visitor, Dr. Ainslie stopped abruptly, with a startled exclamation, his face turning pale.

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

❦ ❦ ❦

All Sunsets Not Alike.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterby were sitting on their piazza. It was late afternoon and the sun was making his final preparations to gild the western heavens. Peterby sat in mute admiration.

"Did you ever see such a superb sunset?" he exclaimed, rapturously. "It is simply wonderful! Amazing!"

Mrs. Peterby did not join in his enthusiasm. She shifted uneasily in her chair.

"You would think anything was good," she replied. "You've just had a good dinner. But it's just an ordinary sunset, nothing more."

"Where are you going?" asked Peterby. "Why can't you sit still? Just like a woman. No artistic appreciation."

"I'll be back presently," replied Mrs Peterby.

Four or five minutes passed. She came back and sat down. There was a silence.

"It is beautiful," whispered Mrs. Peterby. "Don't think I ever saw a finer sunset. See that exquisite coloring off there—and those feather effects. Perfectly lovely."

Peterby turned his face slowly and gazed at her.

"What did you do in the house just now?" he asked.

Mrs. Peterby's face beamed.

"Why," she replied, "the cook was going to leave, but she told me she would stay another month."

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All the money you want.

To learn how you can have one of these stunning well tailored suits absolutely free, not a penny of cost to you (we prepay the express); to learn how you can make $5.00 to $10.00 a day, every day of your life, to find out what beautiful tailoring really is, to offer styles that everybody goes wild about, to get all of your own clothes always free, do this to-day, now, this minute, write us a letter or postal and say "Send me your New Wonderful T[illegible] Offer," [illegible] by return mail, [illegible] pick from, styles that will set your country afire, an offer so surprising, so new, so [illegible], so wonderful, you can hardly believe it.

A. J. P[illegible]k, Tenn., writes "I never had a suit as well [illegible] [illegible] and all the [illegible] want." R. P. Gatewood, Pa., says: "My [illegible] thing. Nice, easy [illegible] for $23 check."

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SONGS Alexander's Rag Time Band, Steamboat Bill; Grizzly Bear; Stop, Stop, Stop; Let It Alone; Casey Jones; Winter; Cubanola Glide; All that I Ask Is Love; Naughty Eyes; Silver Bell, Clover Blossoms, Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet, By the Light of the Silvery Moon; I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now, Next to Your Mother Who Do You Love; I Wish I Had a Girl, When I Marry You; My Pony Boy; Baby Doll, Rainbow; Red Wing; Dreaming, etc. Last 500 latest song hits, 10 pieces music, and also a sample of best stage money—the whole lot for only 10 cents, postpaid. Address WILLIAMS & CO., McKinley Park, Chicago, Ill.

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Loud.

"Is this dress apt to be easily spotted?" she inquired.

"At least four blocks off, I should judge," answered the gentlemanly clerk.

Old Gibe.

"Why is that lady voter so indignant?"

"She wants to go back into the voting booth and write a postscript to her ballot."

WHY HE HAD TO PAY.

Sober, Indeed.

Redd—Is your new chauffeur a sober fellow?

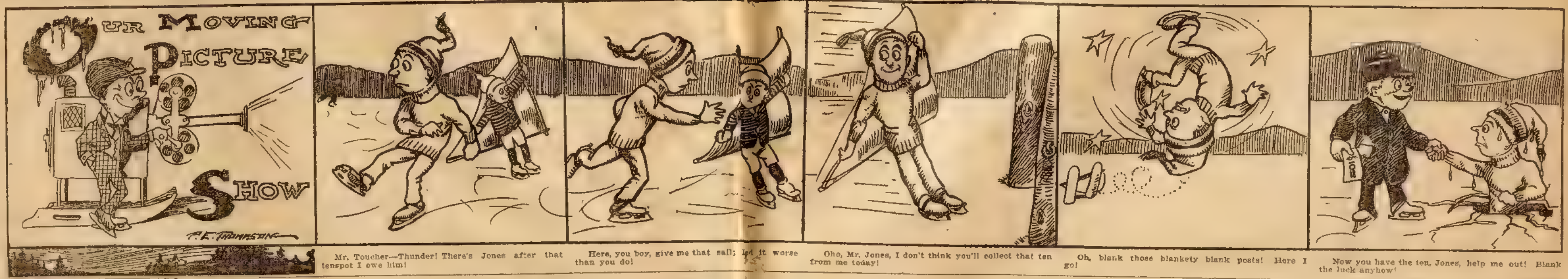
Greene—Sober? Why, say, he won't even laugh at my jokes!

Chip Off the Old Block.

"Wot you doin', chile?"

"Nothin, mammy."

"My, but you is gittin' like yoeh father."



Mr. Toucher—Thunder! There's Jones after that tenspot I owe him!

Here, you boy, give me that sail; I need it worse than you do!

Oho, Mr. Jones, I don't think you'll collect that ten from me today!

Oh, blank those blankety blank posts! Here I go!

Now you have the ten, Jones, help me out! Blank the luck anyhow!

Man Must Play His Part.

He had displeased his chums in a small Vermont college and his punishment consisted in being "ducked" in the fountain. The usual inquisition before the faculty found all the suspects present. With a sufficiently dignified frown the president turned to the boy who was supposed to be the ringleader and asked:

"What part did you have in this prank?"

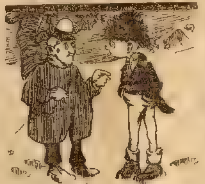
And the dignity of the meeting departed without ceremony, when the boy smiled and answered:

"A leg, sir."

His Proof of Devotion.

"Oh, John," she wailed, "I fear that you no longer love me."

"Woman, didn't I let you have the first chances at that magazine with the continued story in it?" he said, reprovingly.



Hilo—Have you still got that pet cat you used to call an Angora?

Bilo—Oh, no; I had it made into this woolly hat so now it's a fedora.

VINDICTIVE SOLACE.

The bitter wind sweeps o'er the lea,
The water pipes have froze,
The furnace roars with surly glee,
The fuel skyward goes;
And though we shiver and observe
The cloud, with troubled brow,
One thought restores our joyous nerve
"Where is the iceman now?"

Where is that autocrat who came
When grass with dew was wet
And said, "Taint much but just the same
It's all you're goin' to get!"
So gather icicles with glee,
Take what the times allow,
And join in the chorus gay and free:
"Where is the iceman now?"

Getting Into Action.

A Germantown youth had enlisted in the Boy Scout movement, but he considered it advisable to request his father's permission.

"Well, it's all right, Johnny," said the father. "I'm glad to see you take an interest in things. Now, out in the back yard you will find a crop of tall weeds, which would make a good cover for an enemy, and you can show your military activity by proceeding thither and cutting them down."

Only In Name.

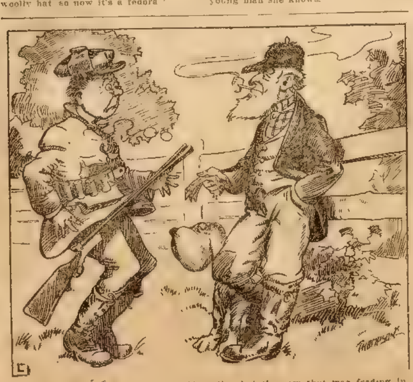
"[illegible] could wish to marry an actress?" [illegible] the proud, patrician mother.

"Now, ma, don't take on so," urged the undutiful heir. "She isn't really an actress, she only thinks she is."

Preparing the Way.

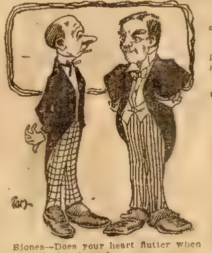
Miss Foy—George was reading a book called "How to Propose Without Getting Excited."

Mai—Yes, Helen sent one to every young man she knows.



[illegible]—Here's $50. I just accidentally shot the cow that was feeding in [illegible]. Will that make it all right?

Farmer—It's all right with me young feller, but mind ye, it would 'a' cost ye a dinged sight more if she was my cow.



Bjones—Does your heart flutter when you go to her house?

Bjames—It sure does—if the old man is at home.

Motherly Admonition.

A New York woman of great beauty called one day upon a friend, bringing with her her 11-year-old daughter, who gives promise of becoming as great a beauty as her mother.

It chanced that the callers were shown into a room where the friend had been receiving a milliner, and there were several beautiful hats lying about. During the conversation the little girl amused herself by examining the milliner's creations. Of the number that she tried on she seemed particularly pleased with a large black affair which set off her light hair charmingly. Turning to her mother, the little girl said:

"I look just like you, mother, don't I?"

"Sh!" cautioned the mother, with uplifted finger. "Don't be vain, dear."

Hole for Hole.

Little Donald had a penny given him to buy whatever he pleased. His three years of dignity thus had a new impulse thrust upon him. He decided to visit a bakeshop, and a doughnut was his choice. In a lusty voice he called for one and immediately passed the penny to the shopkeeper.

"See here, my boy," said the man, "this penny has a hole in it. I don't know as I can take that penny."

"But the doughnut has a hole in it," Donald responded, and he got the doughnut.

More Sentiment About Those Hats.

"I was out in the woods hunting yesterday and I shot a man who was wearing one of these fuzzy hats."

"Well?"

"I am afraid people may think I did it intentionally."

"Afraid? Why, man, if they think that you will get all the more credit."

Natural Inference.

"I'm surprised to hear of Maud being engaged to that Mr. Gayman, he's so awfully fast."

"Then Maud must be fast, too, for she caught him."

A Dry Farmer.

Yeast—He's spent a fortune, you know, on irrigation.

Crimsonbeak—Is that so? Land or throat?

Once Was Enough.

"I don't think my husband loves m any more."

"Why not?"

"The other day I said to him, 'Joh if I should die would you get marri again?' and he said he wouldn't."

"Isn't that all right?"

"Yes, but I wish you could have hea the positive way he said it."

The Cactus.

"The clinging pe of girl is appearing."

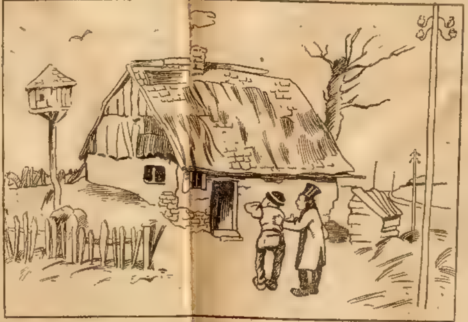
"Yes; modern man, with her merous hats, is more like cactus than a ne."

Wholesale.

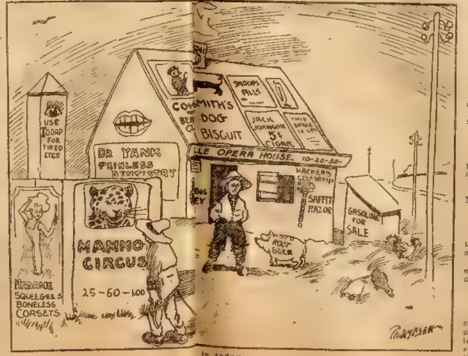
A man walked into the office of the Western Pacific recently and asked for a pass to Oroville for himself and eight children. Charlie Craig, the chief clerk, looked at him a moment before he could reply.

"You are in the wrong department," said Craig finally. "What you want is a special train."

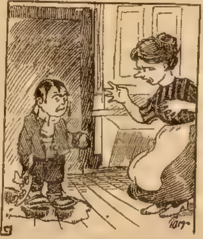
ARTIST'S DEVELOPMENT.



A farmhouse railroad as it used to be—



is today.



Mother—Didn't I tell you not to go skating?

Son—I haven't been skating. I've been swimming.

It's No Use.

He was telling her about a book he had just read.

"The absolute sincerity and directness of the author," he said, "are above all praise. I don't know when I've read a book that seemed so helpful, so uplifting, so purely inspiring."

She had been regarding him with a rapt countenance. Now she spoke.

"George," she said, "I have just thought of a way to trim my winter hat!"

A Gentle Knock.

A story of extraordinary deafness was recently unfolded at a meeting of a medical society in Philadelphia. An elderly lady, exceedingly hard of hearing, lived near the river. One afternoon a warship fired a salute of ten guns. The woman, alone in her little house, waited until the pounding ceased, then she smoothed her dress, brushed back her hair, and said sweetly:

"Come in."

Smart Infant.

[illegible] little Willie as his mamma was dressing him in the morning.

"Willie, what do [illegible]?" said his alarmed and loving parent.

"You've put my stockings on the wrong side out," he said.

Corralled the Voters.

"I gave a turkey to every widow in the precinct, but the other candidate beat me [illegible]."

"How did he work it?"

"Gave a turkey to every married man. He got the votes."

Some Things Worse.

"This thing of getting married," said the girl who was busy with her trousseau, "is certainly a trial."

"A trial, yes," agreed the cynical bachelor, "but it isn't half so bad as working out the sentence."

Indisputable.

"If you stand with your back to the south, what have you on your left hand?" asked the teacher during the geography lesson. The small boy thought, considered his hands, and gave the right answer.

"Fingers, sir," he replied.

Frightful.

The sweet maid's frightened by such little things—
The easy chair that takes her in its arms,
And when the light of day the morning brings
Her nickel clock just fills her with alarms.

Off the List.

"After a man has invested in one of your get-rich-quick schemes do you keep on sending him literature for your new enterprises?"

"Certainly not," answered the promoter. "What's the use of wasting postage stamps on a man who is broke?"

City and Country Prices.

Mr. Citiman—What in the world are you carrying?

Mr. Suburb—Milk and eggs and vegetables and things.

Mr. Citiman—Huh! Why don't you buy them in the country, where you live?

Mr. Suburb—I'm too poor.

Wore His Long Pants.

First Hobo—Strange how few of our youthful dreams come true, ain't it?

Second Hobo—Oh, I don't know. I remember how I once yearned to wear long pants. Now I guess I wear them longer than most any man in the country.

Appropriate.

Mollie—He always wears a high hat when he goes to see the girl he's courting.

Chollie—Calls it a spark plug, I suppose.

Highly Recommended.

"Oh, I hear you are going to marry Mr. Dashaway?"

"Yes, just as soon as I get my decree."

"I congratulate you, my dear. He's one of the nicest husbands I ever had."

Spicy Dressing.

Mrs. A.—Your husband always dresses so quietly.

Mrs. B.—He does not. You ought to hear him when he loses a collar button.

Impossible Politics.

"Would you vote for your husband if he ran for office?" asked Mrs. Baring-Banners.

"Of course," replied the very young suffragette. "But I don't think I'd care to have a lot of other women trying to flatter him by voting for him."

A Clew for John.

"That's a nice umbrella you've got."

"Yes, it was a present."

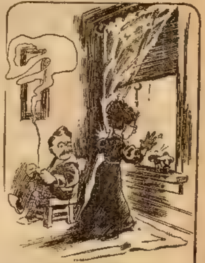
"Indeed! Who from?"

"I don't know, but it says on the handle, 'Presented to John Robinson.'"

Tastes Differ.

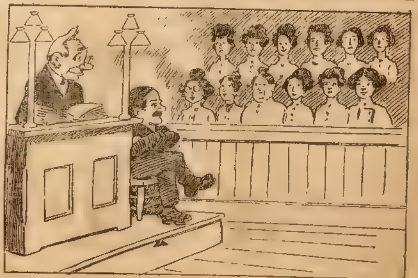
Mrs. A.—They say your Ned's wanted by the police.

Mrs. B.—Well, there's no accounting for tastes.



Mr. Knagg—Those children are quarreling again. I'm going out to settle it.

Mrs. Knagg—Don't you mix in. You stay right here and let them fight in peace.



The Judge—Have you agreed on a verdict, ladies?

The Forelady—Mercy, no! Most of us think the defendant is guilty, but some of us think that stripes would be too awfully unbecoming to him.

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Then write your name below, enclose 2-cent stamp and you will get the ADLER-I-KA BOOK entirely free. It's different from any book you ever saw: it [illegible] what only few doctors [illegible]. It will surprise and astonish you. It shows many curious pictures and tells how you [illegible] INSTANTLY relieve bowel or stomach trouble, how Appendicitis is caused, how it can be cured without operation, and HOW YOU CAN EASILY PREVENT IT. You wouldn't take $10.00 for what you will learn from this book—yet it's free for a 2-cent stamp. Address: Adlerika Co. Dept. 32, St. Paul, Minn.

[illegible] ....

[illegible] ....

A FATAL LOVE

By Louisa Jackson Strong

"STAY! Listen a moment!" The visitors, going slowly down the corridor, turned at the cry to the cell whence peered the gesticulating, haggard human wreck, entreating the small meed of human sympathy vouchsafed in listening to his never-ending confession of human sin and sorrow. "Stay! Listen a moment! You—you golden-haired lady—you are like Her! my Angel! Surely you will listen!"

"You need not," the warden said. "He imposes his tirade upon every one. He is a guilty wretch: his crime upset his reason and saved him from a deserved end on the gallows. He is not worth your notice." The warden was not [illegible] "no pity to waste on criminals."

But the golden-haired lady looked [illegible] fully at the disheveled, wild-eyed [illegible] to stay. As she approached the barred [illegible] broke out unevenly, [illegible]

[illegible]

I loved her—the [illegible] you had known her [illegible] der that I worship [illegible] moment of our fi[illegible] win her.

"I adored her [illegible] gentle yielding to [illegible] should be, a wom[illegible] be won and was all the s[illegible] waiting, so I believed: and [illegible] when she came to me [illegible] the one woman meant for me [illegible] world, and I looked forward [illegible] throughout an eternity [illegible]

"I knew [illegible] that I loved far [illegible] but that, too, was [illegible] love [illegible] born full-[illegible] slowly, slowly reaches its perfection, its glorious bloom; and [illegible] every art in my power I cherished [illegible] love, always hoping, expecting it would equal my own in strength and [illegible] at last. The truth,—the withering truth I did not even dream, that I had carried the maidenly fortifications of her heart by the overwhelming intensity of my own love, and she had, and could have, only a deep affection and respect for me.

"Ah! the cruel, crushing weight of that knowledge when it came! I leap up! I pant! I fly from side to side of my cell and beat my fists upon its padded walls at memory of it—that awakening!

"We were at a concert. There was a singer, lately located in our town, whom we had not heard, but who had been heralded by many flattering accounts. He was a tall, elegant man, with noble face and fine, courtly manner. He sang entrancingly, and was recalled again and again.

"I was carried away with it all, and joined in the spontaneous applause, and as he stood smiling and bowing on the stage, I turned to my wife to express my pleasure and share her delight, for she almost lived in music. She was leaning forward, her eyes fixed upon him with a something in them that I had never seen there before, but which I recognized instantly, with a shock as at a death sentence. So completely engrossed was she that she did not notice me until I touched her arm. Then she shrank back with a long, quivering breath, her cheeks burning. When she and the singer were introduced later, they bowed formally, silently, but their eyes met in that deep, searching gaze of mutual recognition.

"It was always so. They seemed to avoid, to shrink from each other, yet often would come that deep gaze as from soul to soul. I looked on helplessly and suffered. For my life I could not and would not have spoken of it to her. I saw, day after day, how it affected her, was spoiling her life; how she grew weary of everything, dissatisfied with herself; cold, sometimes unkind, to me; and how she strove, with pitiful endeavor, to atone for that unkindness.

"I [illegible] of jealous[y]. I was [illegible] knowledge that he [illegible] its master [illegible] life, love, long [illegible] Alas for me!

[illegible] ally here and there [illegible] nally with [illegible] sician, and [illegible] to help, but seeing [illegible] I decided to take her [illegible] ome [illegible] sity she would [illegible] al, she could [illegible]

[illegible] that he was [illegible] I thanked God and [illegible] It might be that when [illegible] and she had come to herself a little, she would [illegible] new [illegible] least peace.

"I [illegible] into the [illegible] tired and dispirited, [illegible] ness brooding over my [illegible] I had heard the piano, as I [illegible] and knew some one was there, but [illegible] tude, I paid no heed till that pure tenor voice floated out to me, bearing in its tones all the passionate longing of a full and denied heart.

"I stole into the unlighted back parlor, and saw that only my wife and the singer were in the musicroom, and she was playing softly, while he sang a tender farewell song. I saw her face whiten and quiver, her teeth set on the full, red lip, and her hands tremble so that she could scarcely keep them on the keys. He was haggard and pale, and his voice rose and faltered and sank, rose and faltered and sank, and then broke and died in a convulsive groan. He turned to her, started to the door, then rushed back wildly, and bending over her, breathed, 'My beloved!'

"She sprang up and threw out her hands crying, 'Go! go! Say not a word, but go!'

"'It is forever,' he said softly, not moving, but looking at her, deep into her eyes, with an intensity that I did not wonder drew her to him, step by step, with hands out like a stumbling child, till suddenly he caught her close with inarticulate cries of love and despair.

"And she? For the moment she forgot everything else, and I saw into the heart that had been closed to me—saw its fullness, its fervency—for another—poured out for another!

"It was not for long. They bade each other a tender, solemn adieu, and he rushed away, leaving her prostrate with grief, her face hidden, and slow, agonized sobs tearing up from her heart.

"I returned noiselessly to the library. There was something to be done now it was inevitable—yet I did not understand what. I sat in the darkness, my numbed brain searching for something, my listless fingers fumbling with the articles on the table before me. Unwittingly I picked up a knife, a long, keen Oriental dagger we used for a paper knife—then I knew what it was that I had to do. It seemed as if it had always been inevitable!

"I thought it over calmly—although without hope. I looked at it in every light. I sought, honestly, in every direction, for some other solution, but could find none. It must be! Then I slipped the dagger into my breast pocket and went to her.

"As I quietly entered the room, she lifted her head and looked at me, the tears still on her cheeks. She looked and looked, seeing, God knows what, in my face; then as I stood silent she spoke as if in answer to an accusation from me:

"'I cannot help it, Herman. God knows I cannot help it!'

"As I stood silent, she came to me and laid her hand on my arm, her beautiful hand with the wedding ring gleaming upon it, visible sign of the tie that irrevocably bound her. Such a delicate hand—I had been so proud of its fair patrician beauty—the hand I had just seen clinging despairingly to him!

"She spoke again, 'I tell you, Herman, I cannot help it! Do you not believe me?'

"'Yes, I believe you,' I answered at last.

"She put her hands over her face and, leaning against my shoulder as if need-

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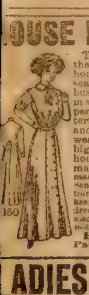

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So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

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And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

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So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

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Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

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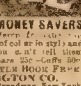

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ing the support, sobbed out: 'I have wanted to love you, always I have wanted to love you—you have been so good and tender and unselfish—I have been ashamed to receive so much and give so little. I have wanted to love always—I have tried to, Herman.'

I do not think she realized what she was confessing, but, though I had known it, each word stung me like a poisoned adder. I cursed destiny in my soul.

"'I did not mean to wrong you, Herman,' she moaned, 'and I have suffered! I do suffer!' She walked wildly to and fro, her clenched hands against her breast.

"I watched her quietly, silently. Seeing more and more the necessity for doing that which I had determined to do—that which I must do!

"'I think I ought to go away from you, Herman,' she cried presently, stopping before me. 'Let me go Herman, let me go!' she implored.

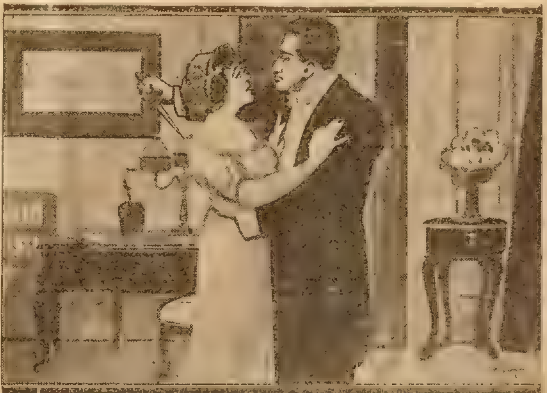
"'To him?' I demanded, brutal in my pain.

"'You know I would not,' she panted, the red flooding her face. And yet a light leaped into her eyes at the suggestion. It died out immediately and she added: 'I will go to a convent. I will never be seen in the world again. I will be dead to all.'

"'And would you be happy?' I asked.

"'Happy! I will never be happy again! Never! Never! How can I?' she wailed. 'But I must go! Let me go, Herman, let me go!'

"'But you are my wife,' I cried. 'With my whole soul I have loved you! Beyond everything and above everything I do love you! How shall I live and know that you are in the world separate from me, shut up where your days will be spent dreaming of him?'



"I thrust the thin, sharp dagger into her heart."

"And then, in spite of the knowledge that it was useless, my great love impelled me to make one more effort to save her. 'Oh, my wife; my treasure!' I cried, 'let me win you from this infatuation! Open your heart to me; try to understand my love for you. Prove me, and see how tenderly I will teach you to forget—how faithfully I will care for your hurt. We will go away to the ends of the earth. We will begin anew, and no woman was ever wooed as I will woo you.'

"I had fallen upon my knees and grasped her hands, crushing them in my supplication. She struggled to free herself, repeating over and over: 'Let me go, let me go!'

"And when I released her hands she put them behind her and backed away from me, shuddering and panting: 'You will let me go away from you Herman, you will let me go, will you not?'

"All my pleading had not moved her, except to arouse the feeling of repulsion for me that was daily growing in her. Again I saw that that which I had to do must be done.

"'You say you would not be happy, then why do you so wish to leave me?' I questioned.

"'Because—because—' she stammered and stopped in confusion, pain and shame staining her face.

"'I understand!' I asserted. 'Though you cannot quite say it, you love him so that you would grow to hate me—even now you shrink from my touch—I know it! I have seen it! You love him so that you will bury yourself alive rather than live in the world without him! Am I not right?'

"She stood with averted face, but made no reply.

"'I cannot give you to him, Ali[illegible],' I went on. 'And you would still be unhappy if I made the sacrifice—'

"'No! no!' she interrupted. 'I will never see him again! But I must go away from you, Herman, I must!'

"I gathered her in my arms. I crushed her to me declaring firmly: 'You shall go, my own! You shall go in the only way you can go and be happy!' and with a sure hand I thrust the thin, sharp dagger into her heart as I held her.

"For an instant she did not realize what I had done, then a look of joy transfigured her face, as it lay upturned upon my breast.

"'I thank—you—for—this—Herman,' she gasped. 'It is—what—I—would—have—done—had—I—the—courage. Forgive—the—wrong—'

"She drooped in my arms, her breath coming ever in shorter gasps, the blood staining her whitening lips. Then she opened wide her sweet eyes, from which the light was fading forever, and strugglingly whispered, 'Richard, Richard!' and so died, breathing his name.

And forever and forever I hear that whisper and see that smile.

* * *

What to Do.

A young preacher had been sent out by the State Mission Board to hold evangelistic meetings in the mountains, and at the first one he held he met Lin Dobbins, a tall, lank, rusty-looking individual who immediately conceived a great liking for the preacher, and decided to let his crops go while he followed him. So everywhere the minister went, Lin went, too; and he always sat on the front seat with one leg crossed over the other, his chin in his hand, his elbow resting on his knee, looking up at the preacher as if he were some kind of deity.

The young preacher knew very little about the methods of the mountain farmers and their haphazard manner of scratching a living out of the rough hillsides; so when he attempted to use illustrations which he fancied would appeal to their understanding, Lin always became uneasy.

"Let me tell you," said the preacher one night, "of a certain man who had a piece of ground. The snows melted and the ground lay moist beneath the rays of the early spring sunshine. The many voices of a wakening life called to the man, but he heeded them not. He failed to plow his ground in due season; and even after the gentle rains came and the buds put forth, his land still lay untouched. Seed time passed away, the summer sun poured down upon the ground, and the weeds had grown up in rank profusion. The day of harvest was nigh at hand, but he had sown nothing. At that late day what was to be done?"

He paused to give his words effect, and at this juncture Lin, who, with dropped jaw and open mouth had taken all this in, suddenly threw back his head, made a speaking trumpet of his hand, and exclaimed in a very audible stage whisper:

"Put her in buckwheat!"

* * *

A Chance to Rise.

"Now, Billy," said the young man's father, "I've found a fine job for you—a job which will, if you attend strictly to business, give you a splendid chance to rise."

"What is the nature of the job?"

"You've seen some of the big buildings in course of construction, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever noticed how the great iron beams are lifted to their places?"

"Sure."

Well, a friend of mine, who is a contractor, has agreed to use you to stand on the beams and balance them as they are hoisted. I told him about the splendid nerve you had exhibited in sitting around and permitting me to support you, and he agreed that you would be just the man for the job."

* * *

A Friend's Reason.

Seymour—I hear that your friend Kockney is extremely profane.

Ashley—Profane! Don't you believe it. He even leaves off the 'h's' when he hellos over the telephone.

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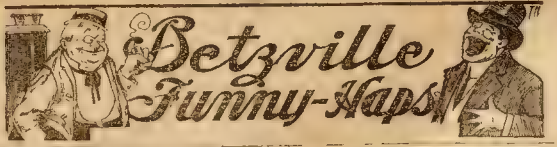


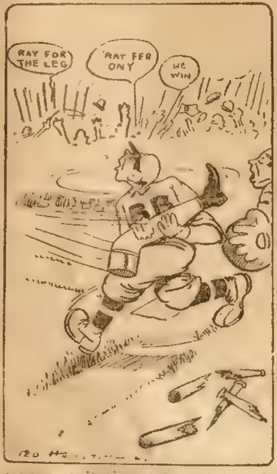
Rhinocolura and the Home Run

By Ellis Parker Butler

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

This summer Betzville society, following the lead of Aunt Rhinocolura Betz, has been taking a great interest in baseball, and all our social leaders are seen in the grandstand of the grounds back of Plimp's sawmill every Saturday afternoon. Aunt Rhinocolura first took notice of baseball, because her nephew, Ony Betz, became right fielder in the Betzville Biffers; but as the contest between the Betzville Biffers and the Ringtown Rippers became more and more close every one grew excited. The season ended with a tie between the two nines and a final game was arranged for last Saturday to play off the tie

We may say, without exaggeration, that in spite of her peg leg, Aunt Rhinocolura is one of the most graceful ladies of her size in Betzville, and when she hobbled up the field to take her seat in the grandstand every one cheered, and her nephew, Ony Betz, offered her a glass of oatmeal water out of the official pailful, an honor shown to but few.



Ashdod seized the cork leg and thrust it into Ony's hands.

As the game went one, it became evident that this was to be a slugging match. Both pitchers grew unsteady at the fifth inning, and, the batters had things all their own way, and at the end of the eighth inning, seven of the eight bats that had been provided had been cracked and rendered useless. The second half of the ninth inning opened with the Ringtown Rippers one run ahead. Two Betzville men got bases on balls, and then Sim Pilger broke the last bat, making a base hit.

When Ony Betz stepped to the plate, he gazed around in dismay. Ringtown was one run ahead, but Betzville had three men on bases and two out. One blow of Ony's bat would finish the game—but he had no bat. Some one suggested a fence picket, but Ony hesitated. In his strong hands a fence picket would have bent and broken like straw. Defeat stared Betzville in the face.

At that moment Aunt Rhinocolura Betz stood up in the grandstand and shouted to Ony those thrilling words which will go down in Betzville annals forever and ever.

"Hold on, Ony," she cried. "Wait till I fetch you my leg!"

All Betzville burst into cheers and all Ringtown groaned. In wild excitement the ladies of Betzville's best society circles crowded close around Aunt Rhinocolura while she removed her leg, thus forming an impervious wall that shut out prying eyes. But suddenly a wail burst from Aunt Rhinocolura! Oh, fatal error! In her enthusiasm she had forgotten that she no longer wore the old peg leg on festal occasions, but the new hollow cork leg! But it was now too late to hesitate. Already the umpire had called out, "Play ball!" Already two balls had been pitched past Ony and two strikes counted against him, while he stood batless. The opposing pitcher had already drawn back his hand for his final delivery, when Uncle Ashdod Clute seized the cork leg and thrust it into Ony's hands. Ony drew back, the pitcher threw the ball, Ony swung the cork leg, and with a terrific impact it struck the ball.

Instantly all was excitement. The three men on bases came running home, and amidst cheers Ony made a home run. Betzville won by three runs!

The Ringtown fielders, with the setting sun full in their eyes, waited in vain, for the ball to come down, but it did not come down. The captains of the two nines shook hands, the crowd dispersed, and still the ball did not come down. The captain of the Ringtown Rippers asked politely to be permitted to examine the cork leg, feeling that a new era of baseball had been entered upon—an era in cork bats, since an indifferent batter like Ony Betz could make a hit with a cork leg—but already the blushing Aunt Rhinocolura had put on her leg and had left the field, congratulated by every one.

That night a dinner was given in honor of the event by Miss Rosanna Plitz, and Aunt Rhinocolura had the place of honor, but in the midst of the speech made by Uncle Ashdod Clute she grew faint and had to be carried into an adjoining chamber. Luckily Doctor Emanuel Tropp was present and he and the captain of the Ringtown Rippers, who was a surgeon, attended the case immediately. As soon as Aunt Rhinocolura could speak, she said she was suffering from a heavy sensation in her cork leg, and Doctor Tropp advised a temporary amputation. This was carried out and Aunt Rhinocolura immediately felt easier, but Doctor Tropp shook the leg. It was at once apparent to his experienced ear that some foreign substance had become lodged in the cork leg, and he shook it in the air, seeking to dislodge the foreign substance. As he did so the baseball popped out. It made an arc in the air, the captain of the Ringtown Rippers sprang under it and caught it as it fell, and the umpire of the baseball game, who was peering in at the door, gave judgment that Ony Betz had been caught out, and that the three base runners were therefore also out, and that Ringtown won by one run!

As soon as Aunt Rhinocolura heard these words she fainted. When she recovered, she ordered the cork leg destroyed and sent home for her peg leg. Any less staunch woman would doubtless have spent the rest of her life in mourning, but not so Aunt Rhinocolura. As soon as her peg leg arrived she strapped it on and joined the festive throng again, not to spend the evening in careless joy, however. On the contrary, she mingled with the councilmen and mayor of Betzville, and so well did she distribute smiles and suggestions, that at the very next meeting of the council a law was passed forbidding the wearing of cork legs inside any baseball enclosure in the village limits of Betzville, and compelling all one-legged citizens to attend every ball game wearing a peg leg shaped like a baseball bat, said peg leg to comply with the rules of the National Baseball Association as to ball bats.

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(Signed)
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The Vanished Bride.

(Continued from page four.)

She smiled. "He is well satisfied that all will go well without his strict supervision, since all the inmates are interested, and consequently not inclined to give trouble, so he is taking advantage of this opportunity to work out some experiments."

"Ah! exactly so. I was wondering at his absence. He is usually so excessively alert and watchful."

"In an institution of this sort, Mr. Wolverton," she replied, earnestly, "an instant's forgetfulness or relaxation of the rules may mean untold disaster. While Dr. Grey is busy over his theories in the laboratory, his assistants are unceasingly on guard. We carry out his orders and watch constantly for—we know not what. Anything may happen, life and limb are always in danger here."

"If you need help," she went on, "you may trust the harpist who is coming to play with the musicians. He knows enough of your scheme to carry out any instructions you may give him, to take a message, or to contrive an opportunity. He is true as steel," she sighed, and turning away, walked quickly down a corridor and vanished, leaving Mr. Wolverton bewildered and half-dazed.

He felt that there was some mystification, and it irritated him. This was undoubtedly Miss Lynn, yet her face, her voice, her manner and movements were not just as he recalled them; her eyes looked larger but older, and across her left hand was a peculiar scar which he had not before noticed. Altogether, there was something uncanny in this meeting.

He stood pondering until he was aroused by the smooth tones of Dr. Grey, who was doing the honors of the establishment to the young musician, whom Mr. Wolverton at once recognised as the harpist who had played at Romaine's garden party.

Whether to accost him frankly, as was his first impulse, or cautiously to await developments, he did not know. But his keen eyes detected the slightest of gestures on the part of Tom Allison, when the physician presented him, and he resolved to conceal their previous acquaintance.

"Mr. Wolverton," said Dr. Grey, smiling, "is not exactly a patient; he is a sort of amateur. He may be in need of treatment, but assuredly is in no need of restraint. So you may confer with him about the stage business without any fear that he will be unreliable or dangerous. And now, if you will excuse me, I will leave you."

The gentlemen bowed, and Dr. Grey betook himself to his beloved laboratory.

Mr. Allison made some trivial remarks until the superintendent was beyond hearing. Then, still cautious, he said in a low tone:

"I have seen Dr. Bolton and Mr. Emery. Your letter has been received and arrangements made accordingly. The carriage will be at the gates with Dr. Bolton and Miss Romaine. There seems no chance of failure, providing you can get away from here without hindrance, and to accomplish that we have concocted a little scheme which will be a veritable coup de theatre. I say we, but I really owe the idea to myself and its development to one of the nurses here, Miss Lynn."

Mr. Wolverton was all attention.

"While everybody is staring with amazement," continued Mr. Allison, "you must snatch the opportunity to get off with Mrs. Emery. By the way, you must point her out to me——"

"There she comes this minute," said Mr. Wolverton. "That slight, girlish-looking woman."

"A lovely face," murmured the musician, "refined and pure; but she is too slender for beauty."

Caryl came slowly, with a dragging step, though her arms were full of bright stuffs and bits of drapery for the decorations.

"This is Mr. Allison, Mrs. Emery," said Mr. Wolverton, presenting him. "He has recently spoken with your husband."

She blushed brightly and an eager light came into her gentle eyes.

"He is well?" she asked.

"Quite well, and ready to move the earth to get you back."

"If nothing goes wrong," she said, dreamily, "we shall soon meet again. But I have a strange depression, a dread beyond words. I feel as though some terrible calamity were impending. It may simply be nerves, but it feels like presentiment."

"You must not allow yourself to be influenced by forebodings," said Mr. Wolverton, anxiously. "Curiously enough, I have had the same feeling of dread over me for several days past, but I attribute it to the nervousness necessarily attendant on such an undertaking as we are about to attempt."

"There is risk, of course," remarked Mr. Allison, gravely; "but with proper precautions and perfect coolness you ought to succeed. You must control your nerves, Mrs. Emery. Remember how great the stake is. Think of all it means to your husband.

"I will try," she said sweetly, "but I do feel a heavy sense of trouble—even danger."

Tom Allison was about to say something mocking about these vagaries, when he started violently and exclaimed:

"See there! What is that? An extraordinary shadow! One might fancy it the profile of a very singular-looking man."

Mr. Wolverton shrank back for a moment and changed color, for it was the first time the outline had appeared since he had entered the sanitarium, and he knew it boded no good. Personally, he was indifferent; he had long ago lost fear, for the manifestation had been so frequent that it had grown familiar; but the old association with the peculiar profile, and the annoying consciousness that when it appeared Delphine must be near, made him uneasy and wretched, especially so when the fate of others was concerned.

Delphine, unscrupulous, determined, revengeful, would thwart his plan, if she knew of it, and he suddenly felt that she did know.

For a moment he lost his nerve and passed his hand wearily across his eyes.

Mrs. Emery was curiously scanning the image.

"Now, I wonder how that is done?" she said. "It is not a shadow, nor merely a projection, for it is outlined as though drawn with a thick pencil, or—or—a hot poker! It is permanent, too, as though burnt in. How in the world is it managed?"

"That you will never fathom," said Mr. Allison, who was also examining the tracery. "The person who accomplished this is an adept in the black arts—the occult."

"What you say is true," remarked Mr. Wolverton, with an effort; "but may I ask how you know it?"

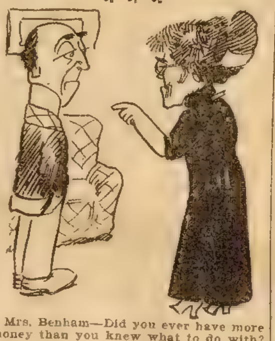
"I have dabbled a little in the secret lore of India, have studied my Eliphas Levy, and dipped into the magic of Egypt. I really know very little, next to nothing, for it takes a longer service than I could give to become expert; but I learned enough to perceive that the forces of nature may be used to create what we, in our benighted ignorance, term the supernatural. Not that I advocate such pursuits," he added, quickly; "for they are very unsettling, and singularly enough, are seldom used for the benefit of others. Good people have not time to waste over the acquiring of——"

"The power to frighten and annoy," interrupted Mr. Wolverton, bitterly.

Tom Allison perceived that they were treading on delicate ground, and dropped the subject.

This strange story leads to extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *



Mrs. Benham—Did you ever have more money than you knew what to do with?

Benham—I don't remember it; but I must have had, or I wouldn't have got married.

* * *

Waste and Waist.

A motor 'bus had collided with a heavily-laden milk van and sent can after can splashing into the street. Of course, the world assembled to watch the great event. A small man, coming up late, had to stand on tiptoe, and keep dodging his head from side to side, in order to see past an enormously stout woman just in front of him.

"What is it? What is it?" he kept on asking. At last he caught a glimpse—the shattered cart and the fresh, white milk streaming through the streets. "Goodness!" he exclaimed; "what an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned and glared at him fiercely. "Mind your own business!" she snapped. "Be off wi' yer hinsults, yer undersized little whelp, afore I wipe this acrost yer," displaying a huge palm.

* * *

Change in the Weather.

Mrs. Spinks—Where is the money you have been saving for a rainy day?

Mr. Spinks—In the Neverbreak Savings Bank.

Mrs. Spinks—Well, give me a check for some of it. I want a new waterproof

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LEARNING AND PAYING.

BROOKE had owned the big farm on the outskirts of the town for eighty years and Leo had had two years at an agricultural school to prepare him for his work on the farm when his father should step aside. But now he wanted to go away for good.

"Just because," old Gideon had stormed, "the manager of a cheap theatrical company gives you a chance to starve to death tramping around the country, you think you're cut out for a matinee idol! A thrashing machine gives you a chill and a plow produces a nightmare! A 640 acre farm doesn't fall into the lap of every boy of 22, I can tell you! I want you to marry Ellen Penrose and settle down!"

Leo had opened his thin lips and thrown back his wavy hair. "I'm going on the stage," he said doggedly. "Ellen will wait for me."

"Then she's a fool," pronounced his father, crisply, "with Frank Alexander only waiting for a chance to cut you out. And Ellen is a mighty pretty girl."

Leo thought so himself when he told Ellen good-by. She had sat very quietly when he had unfolded his glowing future to her with all the vanity of youth. When he ended, flushed with excitement, he had not noticed that she was very pale.

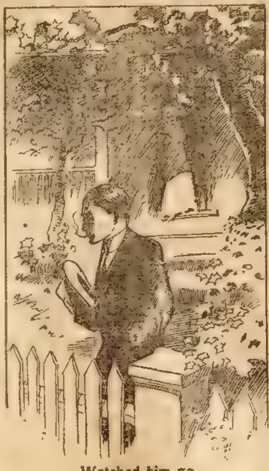
There had been in his voice no note of regret at leaving her.

Almost unconsciously Ellen Penrose raised her small, beautiful head higher and something contracted about her heart. Her life had been so interwoven always with his that she was dazed and hurt. She also was proud. Secretly Leo was vastly relieved that Ellen took his departure so quietly, with no tears. In his absorption he had said nothing about her waiting for him. He took that as a matter of course.

She watched him go down the path between the lilacs and then she went to her room with something throbbing in her brain. It was as though she had told Leo good-by forever. Dimly she felt it was so. The hurt and surprise that were hers at the first realization that she was second in his thoughts did not depart. And she took up her life.

Sometimes Gideon Brooke, meeting her, would feel his anger stir afresh at his silly son. Letters came infrequently from Leo. As the months went on they grew vague. He said not much about success, but a great deal about hard work.

No girl as pretty as Ellen is left solitary long. Frank Alexander, graver, older than the boy who had held her heart for so long, developed attractions she had never before taken time to discover. There was for her a remarkable sense of rest and comfort in his mere presence—she could rely upon him. The day finally came when she wondered how she ever could have called her youthful fondness for Leo Brooke by the name of love. But that was nearly two years after Leo had departed, his head full of dreams, his self-love uppermost.



Watched him go.

It was one crisp October day that Gideon Brooke, standing in the barn door and glancing down the road, saw his son turning in at the gate. Some fitting memory of the prodigal son crossed his mind as he stood crushing down the instant leap of his heart. There was the same old defiant tilt to Leo's head as he came near, but there was bitterness about his mouth and a dogged look in his eyes. His clothes were threadbare.

"I've come back," the younger man said and his voice was oddly clear in the frosty air. "You were right—I was wrong. I've been a failure. I've starved and shammed long enough. At first I vowed that I wouldn't come back, but—if you'll let me I'll go to work. Behind the plow, anything. It's what I know best. I've wasted two years. Do you want me?"

Gideon Brooke's voice was husky. "Want you?" he repeated. "This is your home, boy. I—I guess mebbe you've got more sense than you had two years ago. Mebbe it was all for your good. We'll forget it. It's just about time to water the horses."

"Where were all the neighbors going as I came out from town?" Leo asked a little later. Already his eyes looked clearer, his face less bitter. "You'd have thought it was a convention."

Gideon Brooke leaned over and picked up a straw. "Going to the Penrose place," he said shortly. "It's Ellen's wedding day—she marries Frank Alexander!" He slapped the bay horse smartly on its flank. "Get over!" he ordered. He had once been very fond of the idea of Ellen as his future daughter-in-law.

The oats spilled over from the measure Leo Brooke was filling. Instead of the barn wall, his eyes were seeing Ellen Penrose's face as it was that day two years ago, when he had told her good-by.

"A—a fellow's got to pay in this world, hasn't he?" he said at last a little harshly. "And now, what work do I start on in the morning!"

* * *

Winning the Prize.

"What do you think teacher gave us for our prize essay?"

"What?" asked the mother.

"'The Reward of Laziness.'"

"What did you hand in?" asked the mother.

"A sheet of blank note paper," said Johnny, "an' I won the prize."

* * *

It pays to be honest—but it is not always possible to name the one who gets the pay.

FOR ALL MEN AND WOMEN

I will give you free a sample of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, that have brought health and happiness to thousands—also a book on any chronic disease you need.

The story of my free offer to you is quickly told. During my many years of practice I have used numerous combinations of curative medicines for liver ills. I have kept records of results in case after case, so that my staff of physicians and surgeons, at the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., are able to diagnose and treat cases at a distance with uniform good results. I am going to send you free a sample package of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which will relieve biliousness and ill health due to a disordered liver. Write at once for a sample or a book.

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To find out more about the above mentioned diseases and all about the body in health and disease, get the Common Sense Medical Adviser—the People's Schoolmaster in Medicine—revised and up-to-date book of 1000 pages—which treats of diseased conditions and the practical, successful treatment thereof. Cloth-bound sent post-paid on receipt of 31 cents in one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Address Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

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This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of Catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and can not reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book, which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

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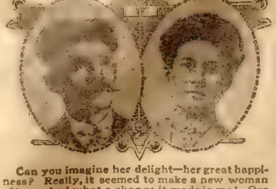
My Wife and I
Want to Tell You
How She Stopped
Me From Drinking

For over twenty years I was a very hard drinker. I loved liquor. I cared for nothing else. Every cent I could get hold of I spent for beer and whiskey. My work was neglected. Our home was in sore straights. My case was about as hopeless as a man's could be. My wife was constantly begging and pleading with me, but I loved liquor too well. I couldn't stop.

Many women would have despaired and given up all hope, but my wife didn't. She kept trying. Finally, about ten years ago, she gave me a simple remedy hoping against hope that it would have some effect upon my drinking. Much to her surprise, *it stopped my drinking entirely!* It took away every desire I ever had for alcoholic liquor. I have not touched a drop since.



Can you imagine her delight—her great happiness? Really, it seemed to make a new woman of her. And what a change it made in me! Our friends and neighbors hardly knew me as the same man. To most of them it seemed a miracle. But it wasn't. It was simply the little home remedy that my wife gave me. We know it was for she later gave it to her brother and several of our neighbors who were heavy drinkers and it stopped every one of them from drinking. This proved that it was not mere luck in my case.

And now, we want others to try it. We want every man and woman who suffers because of a dear one's intemperance to know what this remedy is that my wife gave me. We want you to know our story for we believe you will be helped by it. And we will be more than glad to tell it if you will send us your name and address.

Wife is the letter writer of our family and she will gladly answer every letter that is written to her. She will tell in her own way, much better than I can, what she used, how she happened to try it and how it worked. She will give this information with a glad heart so do not hesitate to write. She wants you to feel that she is your friend and that it is a pleasure to do this service.

In the ten years that have elapsed since I was cured many folks have written and asked her how it was done and she gladly answered all letters. And to show that her service has been appreciated we would like to have you read extracts from a few of the letters which she afterward received from some of these people.

Dear Madam: I feel very grateful to you for letting me know how I could cure my husband of drunkenness. He was cured completely. *Mrs. P. W Cowell, Athens, Penna.* Dear Friend: I was benefitted by your letter for my husband was a hard drinker and now he does not drink. *Mrs. W. D. Blue, Perry, Fla.* My Dear Friend: It cured him of drunkenness. He is in better health than ever before and is a different man altogether. It has saved us many dollars and we now live in peace and happiness. *Mrs. Ann Mitchell, Valliant, Okla.* Dear Madam: Your advice was taken at once and my son was cured in a short time. *Mrs. Martha Day, Roanoke, Va.*

Such letters as these certainly do make my wife happy for she feels that her efforts have not been in vain and she says that she wants you to address your letter to her personally so that she can answer it herself. She also wants me to say that the remedy can be given secretly if desired and that it is very easy to use.

My wife's answer will come in a sealed envelope so there will be no publicity in your affairs. There is one other thing. We have nothing to sell, so please do not send money. Simply write with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 163 Park Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., taking care to write your name and full address plainly. We would suggest that you tell others who need this information, about my wife's offer, for we often wish that the whole world knew it.

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Write Today—NOW
We want more men right away, and we will pay you big money—more money than you ever thought of making before. Just show our magnificent line of samples—the orders will come in a hurry. Exclusive territory open. Don't delay. Let us tell you how to get one of our handsome suits FREE. Write today.
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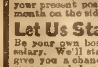

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Home and Fashion

For the Housewife.

French chalk will remove grease [illegible] from dress material.

To keep a parasol in good condition have a bag for it hung inside [illegible] closet door.

An envelope pasted in the cover of the cook book is a handy device for keeping loose [illegible].

When making sweet croquettes add a little sugar to the crumbs in which the croquettes are to be rolled.

Cold water is preferable to warm for scrubbing doors because it does not sink into the wood, and so dries quickly.

Nut butter is a very good substitute for meat. Run walnuts through a [illegible] chopper and rub into them about one-third as much good fresh butter. Spread on crisp crackers.

The best way to clean patent leather shoes is, after removing all the dirt, to wipe them over with a soft cloth dipped in milk. Polish with a dry cloth, and you will have a bright polish, besides preserving the leather.

Thin cream will whip stiff if the white of an egg is added. After it is stiff you can add a little milk, a bit at a time, beating continuously, so that a small amount of cream can be made to go a long way if necessary.

There is nothing better than a piece of velvet for removing dust from velvet. It is equally good for cleaning taffeta garments. If the velvet is made into cushions like the ones which comes with men's silk hats, it is a little handier to work with.

When your lamps smoke badly and you think it necessary to buy new burners, try boiling the burners for half an hour in water, to which has been added a quantity of soda, removing from water while hot, so that they may be easily dried. This thoroughly cleans them, and your light will be as bright as when burners were new.

To wash brushes and combs, put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a basin of hot water and dip the brush up and down in it, letting the comb remain in the water for a few minutes. In this way all the grease will disappear and, after rinsing in cold water, both brushes and combs will be perfectly clean.

◆

Needlework.

A successful way to restore pearl buttons to their original brightness is first to rub them with a little olive oil, to take away the blurred look, then sprinkle with nail powder and rub well with chamois skin.

For sitting rooms and unpretentious parlors the net curtains with hem and a row of insertion cluny lace are a new and pretty model, when something on the order of the lace curtains is desired.

The scret of well-fitting shoulders is to stretch the front and hold the back loose, in basting the shoulder seam. The fact that a shoulder is concave in front and convex in the back gives the reason claimed for this.

Russia crash is as serviceable and as artistic for dressing-table covers as for luncheon cloths and between-meal table runners. It is embroidered in colors or stenciled to match the room, of course, and is sometimes simply hemstitched with a wide hem.

If you can do even the simplest sort of crocheting you should make yourself a little crocheted silk embroidery scissors holder. These holders consist simply of a cork, crocheted around in silk everywhere except the top surface, and with a crocheted string or handle, to which the scissors are attached. Then when they are not in use the points are stuck into the cork and they are out of harm's way.

Puckering is caused by holding the right elbow close to the side in sewing. The needle, of course, continues to slant and one-half of the stitch becomes wider than the other half. Naturally, if this be by only one thread in a long seam, a pucker must ensue. But if the elbow be brought slightly forward and the hand held so that the inside of the palm faces the sewer the needle will point straight and both halves of the stitch will be of the same size.

A good rule to follow when determining the proper position of sleeves when placing them in a blouse is to fold the sleeve along the forward seam and crease it at the top of the fold at the opposite side. This crease marks the point of the sleeve that is to be sewed to the shoulder seam. After this measure one inch back of the shoulder seam and crease the blouse at a point exactly opposite. On this crease the forward seam of the sleeve is pinned. It is then an easy matter to baste in the under part [illegible] gathering the under part [illegible] baste that [illegible] the edge of the armhole.

◆

Fashion Notes.

Satins are freely used.

Waist line approx[illegible].

[illegible] skirts [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] buttons [illegible] are fashionable.

All new nightgowns [illegible] form, with narrow sleeves.

Double skirt effects with short [illegible] feature [illegible] gowns.

Long [illegible] for spring and summer [illegible] been for the winter.

One of the newest [illegible] revived tricorne, which now appears as the "Continental."

Gros grain ribbon is to be used in quantities for spring millinery and is a most satisfactory trimming.

Both the large collar and the big revers have dwindled somewhat in [illegible], though still fashionable.

Latest suit jackets twenty-two inches long, with the loose, straight back, show no curve at waist line.

The new colors for novelty cottons are white, cream color, old lace color, champagne, ficelle and khaki.

Leather belts, more on the girdle type, are several inches wide at the back and curve slightly to the front.

Charmeuse continues to be the fashionable fabric for afternoon wear. The favorite trimming is silk fringe.

One of the fabrics which promised well at the beginning of the season, but has been little seen, is the heavy boucle cloth for the rough wear tailor made.

The short tunics and panels of the present fashion still offer a use for the remnants of lace and embroidery which one may be so fortunate as to possess.

One of the late and pretty fads is the small "bouquet" of artificial flowers to be worn on the street, nestling in the furs or pinned to the jacket. These little nosegays make no attempt to look "natural," and, indeed, the more artificial they are the better.

◆

Concerning Hats.

Hats show nothing new. They cover the head as well as they can and since becoming accustomed to the style people like it. Women look odd with none of the back hair showing, but oddity is apparently something the couturier and modiste both seek for their clients. Plush and velvet make the best big hats, while those for smaller shapes are of fur—if the owner can afford the fur, for only good pieces go in hats, and such a hat means a handful of money. A class of women wear imitation fur, even on the head, where the counterfeit is so marked, but well dressed women do not incline to it.

During the last few days a note of red has been introduced on black hats for morning wear. This is generally in a chou of ruby, scarlet, or empire red, and little is employed. There is no great variety about hats this winter. All the best are in black and white, and when not that, then in violet or a rich purple; they remain simple and require little trimming. The one-color feature is mostly followed. Shapes are not pretty, but they are picturesque and fit the head well.

If a color be put with purple it is dark blue. This combination is put in dresses, too, and with the two for embroidery there is often a note of cerise and yellow, only a suggestion of the latter. Plumes are no longer modest. They are long and wide, the strands sometimes covering the whole hat.

◆

To Dress Well.

The woman who desires to dress well on a small income—and it can be done—must learn first of all never to have too many clothes at hand at once. Let her buy the things, wear them out and then buy others. It is better to have one well fitting tailor-made suit, keep it rigorously pressed and in order, wear it until it shows signs of wear and then replace it, than it is to have several inferior suits.

As to large stocks of underwear, they are only an anxiety. If not looked after frequently they grow yellow. Styles, too, alter frequently in underwear as in outer garments. It is better for the feet to have several changes of shoes and to wear them in rotation.

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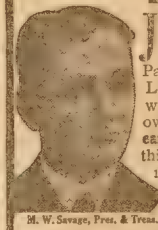

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BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

Hunting a Firebug; Or, CHASING A LOST WILL

By J. M. MERRILL

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CHAPTER XIX.

WINNING HIS WAY

FLIGHT had called on Mrs. Trodden on the day in question, with a definite object in view. He had been beating about the bush long enough, and today had resolved to bring matters to a focus.

In some respects Flight was a dual character. Never had even his best friends been able quite to make him out. Tory Trodden and he had often been at swords points over minor matters, and more than once Olivia Horne had been puzzled to know what sort of a man he was.

Flight's wife had been a good woman. While she lived she controlled him and shaped his efforts in the better way. After her death, which the man very much deplored, he wandered back into minor ways of evil, listening too much to the promptings of his harsher nature. Many times, even when prompted to do evil, the face and smile of little Neva turned the man aside from the wrong and placed his feet in the right path.

"I am come today to talk seriously with you," said Flight, addressing Olivia in her own room at the top of the big house, whither he had been shown by Tilly, the maid. Billy had climbed up the moment the maid was out of sight, and having his word to Joe in view, he listened and watched to the best of his ability, getting hold of the thread of the plot that was hatching to complete the villainy begun years ago, while the heir to Trodden Place was yet in his infancy.

"There has been sufficient nonsense of this sort, Abe," retorted the woman. "Now that Moses is dead, why can't you let well enough alone? I care nothing for your threats now. Suit has been begun; I defy you to do your worst."

"There you are mistaken," ventured the man. "I have not yet begun suit."

"Haven't you?" she asked with a start and low outcry. She produced a paper from her escritoire and handed it to him. "What, then, is the meaning of this?"

The man saw at a glance that it was a summons to appear and defend her claim against Moses Bunker, heir to the vast estates of Grantford Bunker, deceased. To this was attached the name of Graft Sneakum, attorney-at-law.

"So!" ejaculated the man, himself puzzled and disturbed.

"Dare you tell me that this Sneak is not employed by you? I know you haven't the brass to do it. But go ahead, villain, I'll fight you to the last ditch, whether the boy Till is dead or not, as you tell me. In any event he was not the [illegible] since he died in his cradle sixtee[illegible]

[illegible] clinched her [illegible] crumbled

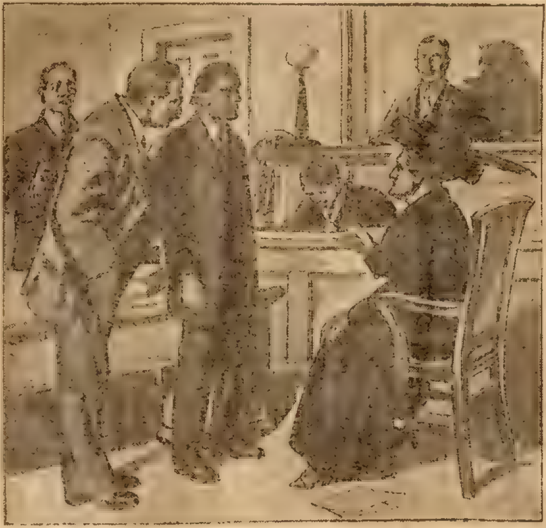
"You might have had the grace to have waited a little longer. I had about made up my mind to raise the money you demanded; now you have killed the goose that was to lay the golden egg. If you drive me out of Trodden Place and install an impostor, it will be at the tail end of the biggest lawsuit that was ever recorded in Gildwater; remember that."

The woman's face was flushing with ex[illegible] chair, shaking her small fist in his face.

"Olivia, see here," he expostulated [illegible] own astonishment getting the m[illegible] of his faculties, "I am not a party to this—I do not know Lawyer Sneakum."

He spoke with such apparent sinc[illegible] she could not help believing.

"Then we are up against something [illegible]



"Here we have the rightful heir!"

"Te[illegible] at this S[illegible]k[illegible]

The [illegible] recounted he[illegible] with [illegible] lawyer, at the sa[illegible] that [illegible] Flight's employ[illegible]

"I trust you ar[illegible] trary now, Oli[illegible]

"[illegible] I think [illegible] admitted she.

"We are up again[illegible] an impostor, that is sure," went on the settler. "I saw, or thought I saw, this big boy [illegible] my house afire in town. He dod[illegible] or I should have called the police, for he is an incendiary of dangerous proclivities. [illegible] he called himself [illegible] remember that [illegible] It may be [illegible] going. Truly an impostor, since the real heir [illegible] dead at the bottom of the old well in the woods.'

Flight was sincere in this belief, not [illegible]ognized in the disgu[illegible] [illegible] boy who had be[illegible] to the old tavern we[illegible]

[illegible] interests are identical, Ab[illegible] said the woman. "I am willing to promise you something ha[illegible] you will help me prove this [illegible] an impost[illegible]

"By George, Olivia Horne! You can count on me this time as of old."

The two [illegible] Flight wa[illegible] recorded at the close o[illegible]

Joe tried not to for[illegible] [illegible]ght further [illegible] town [illegible] knew [illegible]

[illegible] S[illegible]akum and his evident de[illegible]ation to push through the cause [illegible] pretended heir. The loss of the will was a source of much worriment.

One day Joe, still wearing his dis[illegible] met with an adventure that was to prove of lasting eff[illegible]t upon his future life.

While walking down a residence street not many blocks from Trodden Place, deep in thought over the pending lawsuit, a sudden, confused cry met his ear. He glanced up the street, to see people running as if frightened. He expected to see a runaway team, but was disap[illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] came [illegible]

Screams of women, cries of strong men in fear, and the [illegible] of little children caused Joe to clutch the cudgel he carried more firmly, at the same time he hurried forward toward the scene of the excitement.

Across the street, running diagonally toward him was a young girl, her face white with an awful fear, her hair disheveled and streaming in the wind.

"What is it?" [illegible] a voice.

"Mad dog!" [illegible] another.

Joe was alert at once. He ran toward the fleeing girl, but not as did the others, who were seeking to escape. [illegible]

[illegible] jaws into her [illegible], [illegible]king and tugging [illegible]

Th[illegible] of the stick across the ani[illegible] was heard several rods. Its [illegible] and the red-mouthed [illegible], while the girl [illegible] crashing in a heap [illegible]

[illegible] one young [illegible] Frightened [illegible] convenient [illegible]

A policeman advanced from an unseen [illegible] assumed the duties of mast[illegible] The dread [illegible]

[illegible]

"That boy deserves a Carn[illegible]

"Hope the girl's father is rich."

"Yes, he could do something for [illegible]

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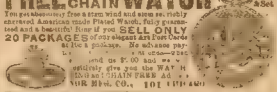

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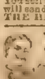

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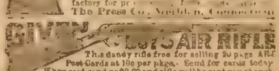

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"Not much," and the last speaker shook his head. "The boy's only a river rat—a half-breed! Such things as this don't fret that kind."

Thus flew the comments, while Joe, quite cool now, stood talking with the policeman while he assisted the girl to her feet.

"Why, it's Neva Flight!" exclaimed Joe, his face reddening with bashful pleasure. "I am mighty glad I happened along."

"Yes, so am I. Is the dog dead?"

The girl sent a shuddering glance at the bleeding body of the dog.

"Dead as Benedict Arnold," laughed Joe.

The policeman tapped Joe on the shoulder.

"Come over to headquarters," said he. "The captain would like to see you."

"What for?" asked Joe.

"To praise you for your brave act——"

"No time for that," and Joe turned with his hand on the arm of Neva, who was still trembling from the fright she had lately received.

"Let me help you, Neva," said he, gently solicitous.

"You must come home with me," said she. "Daddy will be so very, very glad when he knows."

"I will go part way, at least."

The boy and girl walked away in company.

The father was not at home when the two arrived. Neva was quite over her fright now, and very thankful to the brave lad who had riskeh his life to save hers.

"You are a real hero," she said as they stood talking in the hallway of the house. "I am so sorry that you and Daddy have had any trouble."

"Never mind, Neva. What about the will? It wasn't burned in the fire. You knew that, of course."

"Yes, I learned all about that. Daddy is very much troubled about that will. I think he would much rather see the right one get it and not the tramp who claims to be Moses Bunker.

"The tramp impostor will be arrested," declared Joe. "He is the firebug Billy and I hunted for so long."

"But I heard papa say that he was going to prove himself owner of Trodden Place and all the lands that go with it. If he does his fire-setting will not count against him."

"Why, yes, I don't see what difference that will make."

"It makes a difference whether a person is rich or poor, doesn't it?"

"No, not if there's a square deal," declared the boy.

"I've heard my father tell a different story. He says Mrs. Trodden was once a poor woman; now she is rich she can do most anything, and nobody thinks of punishing her."

"That isn't right, anyhow."

When Joe started to leave, Neva walked to the street with him. Suddenly she snatched his hand and pressed it to her lips. Joe was surprised, though pleased at this manifestation of regard.

"You saved my life, and I wish you could be one of the family," said the girl, with glowing cheeks and moist eyes. "I never had a brother——"

"Nor I a sister," he broke in. "When I get my own, you shall come and live at Trodden Place and be my sister. Won't that be fine, Ladybug?"

"Fine as silk. Ah, sir, I know you, have known you all along, and I hope you will one day become owner of your grandfather's property."

"You know me, Neva?" gasped Joe, turning his astonished eyes full upon her face.

"Sure I do, Till. Have known you all the time, but kept still because I thought you wanted to fool some people. I didn't let on, not even to Daddy, who thinks you were killed up in the woods one night. I never have been able, though, to guess how you escaped from death in the old well.'

'I'll tell you some time, little girl. Trust me now, Neva, and keep my secret till I tell you to speak, will you not?"

"Sure I will, Till——"

"Call me Joe,' he commanded. 'However, I am neither Till nor Joe, but Moses Bunker, the rightful heir to Trodden Place. When I come into my own, Neva," with a proud toss of his head, "you shall come up there to live, and Daddy may come along, too, if he likes.'

Joe walked on alone, very much elated and hopeful for the future.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CRISIS APPROACHES

'Daddy, why are you so sad?'

Neva stood by her father's knee, caressing the limp, knotted hand that lay passively there.

"Am I sad?" he asked, forcing a sickly smile.

"You have been that way for several days, Daddy."

"Well, if I have, I suppose it's because I have seen all my plans tumble in a heap on the ground. May I tell you a story, Neva?"

'Sure you may, papa."

The girl drew a chair up beside her parents, preparing to listen.

"You are so like your mother, Neva," he whispered, bending down to kiss her cheek, while he smoothed her hair with his big palm. "And the first Neva was as pure and good a woman as the sun ever shone on. You believe that, don't you, little girl?"

"I believe anything you tell me, Daddy," assented the girl. "I know mamma was very good, just as you are——"

"Tush, little one, don't talk about my goodness. I never had any to spare, and what little I had dropped from me when I lent myself to the plottings of Olivia Horne. It was of her and of the past I wanted to talk, Neva."

"Talk right along, Daddy."

"Mrs. Trodden was once Olivia Horne," began. "I knew her as a girl when we were both poor. I could have married her had I liked, but I did not feel inclined We were good friends and neighbors up to the time she came into possessions left by her greatuncle Moses. All the property belonged by right to a small baby boy, the only son of the daughter of old Moses. It was claimed that the child died one night, soon after the old man, and so, as nearest of kin, the old maid Olivia inherited everything—she became very wealthy.

"It's quite like a story," said Neva.

"That it is. I knew, however, that the little heir, Moses, did not die. In fact your mother and I took him to live with us till Olivia and Tory, her husband, moved West. Your mother never knew who the little boy was; she thought I procured him from some orphan home. When mamma died, I could not keep the boy any longer, but sent him to Olivia, who called him Till Trodden, and brought him up as their own. Are you listening, Neva?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy," with a little gurgle of interest. "I want you to tell me the whole story."

"It's a very short one, Neva. Till grew up with the Troddens, but knew he was not their own son. Olivia somehow objected to making him think so. She clung to the property, however, and in her heart wished something would happen to the boy. She feared some day the truth would come out, and she would lose the property to the boy."

"My goodness!" ejaculated Neva, "what a wicked woman!"

"When Till went into the woods in search of the firebug, she hoped he would never come back. She had her wish, since he was killed in a well, poor boy! And now an impostor is trying to get the property."

The sadness in the voice of the narrator touched the heart of Neva She could withhold the truth from him no longer, not even though she had promised Till to do so. She told her parent of her narrow escape from death at the jaws of a mad dog, and he was very much impressed. Now he hugged his little girl tight to his heart, crying:

"If I were only rich, I would reward the halfbreed boy as he deserves. That was a brave act, Neva, brave and surprising. Joe Hugshaw has made me forever his debtor, for had the dog bitten you it would have been the cause of my death as well as yours, dear child. I must hunt up that boy without delay, and tell him all that is in my heart."

When the man would have departed, Neva held tight to his hand, crying:

"Oh, Daddy, maybe you can help him. He is the baby boy you have been talking about to me, the heir to Grantford Bunker—Till Trodden of Trodden Place!"

"But you said it was Joe——"

"Just pretense, Daddy," broke forth Neva, in a torrent of child-like enthusiasm. "Till wasn't killed in the well."

"Not killed in the well, Neva?" he exclaimed, staring in amazement at the little girl.

"It is the truth I am telling you, papa. Till is alive."

"And Joe Hugshaw is——"

'Till Trodden. He got out of the well through an underground passage which he thinks was once used for counterfeiters. He came to the city, and has acted as a detective in the disguise of a halfbreed."

"Thank Heaven for that!" fervently uttered the man. "I thought that little Indian had a familiar walk, and his voice reminded me of some one. Now," with a low, delighted laugh, "this puts a new color on everything. I feel ten years younger because of your good news, Neva."

"And you can be of service to Till, can't you, Daddy?"

"I am sure I can. I am a better man since Providence delivered you from a terrible death, using as an instrument the boy whom I have so bitterly wronged since his babyhood. Neva, I am going to give my whole heart and soul over to the cause of the dethroned heir, Moses Bunker."

"And you will see to it that the impostor is defeated?"

"I shall do my best, Neva, child."

A new light had dawned in the soul of Abraham Flight as he walked forth the following day to lay plans for the defeat of Graft Sneakum and his client The settler was very anxious to meet and talk with Joe Hugshaw. He was convinced that Neva was not mistaken in the boy's identity, and that it would be a pleasure for him to aid in restoring the boy to his rights.

Flight called at the various public houses in his search of Joe. His search met with no success. Toward night two men, talking in low tones in the lobby of one of the hotels, attracted his attention.

"I am looking for Jadd Flicker," said one of the men, whom Flight at once recognized as a famous detective from another city.

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"Jadd Flicker?" repeated the man addressed by the detective.

"Yes, he is wanted up at Royal Oak——"

The speaker caught sight of Flight, turned suddenly, locking his arm with that of his companion, and walked away.

"Wonder what Detective Keene is doing in Gildwater," [illegible] the settler.

[illegible]

"I was merely wondering," said the first speaker, "what Detective Ned Keene was doing in Gildwater."

[illegible]

"Yes."

[illegible] Ned never takes [illegible]

"I believe you," agreed Flight.

The settler walked thoughtfully homeward. At one time he thought of paying another visit to Mrs. Trodden. He decided against such action, however. She was not amenable to reason; let the law take its course. The suit begun by Lawyer Sneakum would soon be called. The will would be produced and a spurious Moses Bunker put forward as beneficiary. It was now up to the opposition to disprove the false Moses' claim, bring forward the rightful [illegible] would come out as it [illegible]

It [illegible] to [illegible] produce the rightful heir at the [illegible] moment. This he could do if he found Till, who had been masquerading as Joe, the halfbreed.

"I must find him," decided the settler. "I have no compunctions against [illegible] Olivia, wh[illegible] murder to rivet herself [illegible] ly belonging to M[illegible] Till is the boy heir; he [illegible] face and eyes; moreover, the [illegible] his right arm back of the elbow [illegible] be gainsaid."

The courtroom w[illegible] day opening the suit for the [illegible] of a million. Lawyer Sneakum seemed very well satisfied with the way things were moving. He had the will secure, all that was necessary was to prove that his client was the real Moses Bunk[illegible] named in the wi[illegible]

"How old are [illegible]d Sneak[illegible] the day before [illegible] took up the case.

"A little past seventeen," returned Moses, grinning.

"You look older," said Sneakum.

"How old do I have to be——"

"About seventeen is right."

"Then that's what I am to a day," grinned the boy.

There was something in the actions of his client that his lawyer did not quite understand. It was plain that the lawyer had no real faith in the honesty of the boy whose cause he had espoused. There might be some trouble in proving his identity.

"Everything is lovely, and the persimmon hangs high!" chuckled the big ex-tramp, who had spruced up a great deal since coming to the city. He aped the city ways, smoked cigarettes almost constantly, and seemed the embodiment of good cheer.

Through all this acting there ran a thread of puzzling "queerness" that Lawyer Sneakum could not quite understand. He talked often with his boy client, and at every interview the strangeness of the boy's every moment and speech grated.

"I haven't much faith in him—not much," muttered the lawyer, holding fast to the will, trusting to make good in some way.

Joe avoided the Flights after his rescue of Neva from the jaws of the mad dog. He wished to have no complications with the man who was doing his utmost to cheat him as well as Mrs. Trodden. As for Neva the boy was very fond of her society, and for her sake hoped the father would prove less a villain than he had reason to believe.

On the morning set for the suit in which a million was involved, Joe, in making his way toward the courthouse square, ran full upon his chum, who was going in the opposite direction, his face the picture of distorted wrath.

"Hello! What's up now?" demanded Joe.

"Satan to pay, and no pitch hot," roared the fat boy.

"How is that?"

"Been kicked out."

"Kicked out of where?"

"Out of Trodden House; where else did ye s'pose?" snapped Billy, wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

"Who did it?"

"Old Tory himself; but she sent him. Said I was Sneakum's spy, and so I had to git. I'm mad enough to tear out that old devil's eyes. The idea that I'd help Sneakum. Well, they didn't fling me out without my getting some satisfaction. I got this," and he held up a small leather-bound book.

"The family Bible of Grantford Bunker. There's lots in it that'll prove the rascality of the two Troddens. I'm going to take it right to Sneakum."

"Let me see it, Billy."

Joe took the book from his chum's hand and opened it to the family record, where he found things that gave him a joyful start.

"Good, Billy!" he cried. "Here's a record that'll help prove the claims of the real Moses Bunker. Let me keep the book, old chap, and come on with me to the courtroom."

"S[illegible] [illegible] said Billy.

Thereupon the two boys hurried their steps toward the courthouse square. They arrived just as the court proceedings were opening, and one of the first men on whom Joe cast his eye was Detective Ned Keene, going rapidly up the steps, seeming anxious to get inside.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISSING MOSES ON DECK

The plaintiff in the will case waived a jury, declaring through Mr. Sneakum, that, since it was simply a question of law, the judge would be the most competent party to take it under consideration.

While the judge [illegible] will, the boy claimant [illegible] tilted back in his chair, pl[illegible] imaginary mustache [illegible] He was not a [illegible] though cloth[illegible] make of clothes. M[illegible] was present with her [illegible] fight the claimant [illegible]

Our bo[illegible] and watched pro[illegible] eyes. Abraham [illegible] himself not far fr[illegible] was also p[illegible] W[illegible] she never deig[illegible] was she o[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Trodden [illegible]

"W[illegible] supposed [illegible] up job," he [illegible] from him."

The judge [illegible] willingness to listen to the evidence, when a stir was created by the sheriff of the county, who, at a signal from Ned Keene, the detective, pushed to the side of the pretender, and quickly snapped a pair of handcuffs over his wrists. Naturally [illegible] created a diversion. Sneakum was instantly on his feet, protesting at the outrage. The court commanded the lawyer to sit down, when he [illegible] toward the sheriff.

"Mr. Spile, what does this mean?"

"A warrant for the arrest of one Jadd Flicker has been placed in my hands, your honor. This is that person—an escaped [illegible] from the Royal Oak insane [illegible]"

"A [illegible]"

It was [illegible] Sneakum [illegible] the words, [illegible] who was struggling [illegible] [illegible] about the claimant that had in a measure puzzled Lawyer Sneakum. Insane! That accounted for all the queer antics of the pretended Moses Bunker.

Naturally enough there was a big stir when Detective Keene came forward and proved all that he claimed. The prisoner [illegible] his head, and laughed in a [illegible] idiotic manner.

"He has spells of near sanity," explained the officer. "However, in his most insane moments he seems to possess a sort of cunning that is deceiving to persons not acquainted with the insane. Jadd Flicker has been an inmate of the asylum off and on for several years. He has been let out on probation when his mind seemed the clearest, but he never has been [illegible] months ago he escaped from the ward and has eluded us ever since."

The insane lad, who had created such a deal of destructive trouble, was taken away by the detective. The moment this happened, Mrs. Trodden's lawyer was on his feet congratulating himself and his client on the easy way out of all their troubles.

"Of course," said he, "there can be no further dispute as to my client's just title to the property left by Grantford Bunker. She, as nearest of kin, now holds ample——"

"One moment, your honor!"

A small, black-eyed man, at whose side Abraham Flight had been sitting, rose just within the bar. It was Ross Van Duke, a noted lawyer from Chicago. All eyes were turned upon the noted attorney from the Windy City.

"I am here in the interest of the heir to Trodden Place," proceeded Van Duke. "The insane claimant, of course, never

(Continued on page twenty-seven.)

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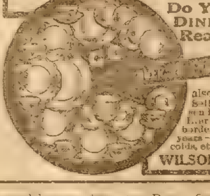

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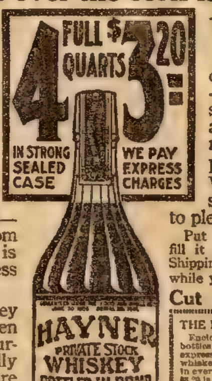

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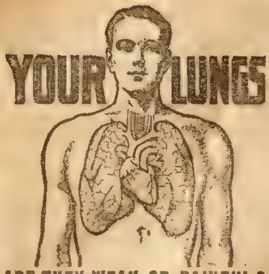
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(Continued from page twenty-six.)

had any standing. I am not going to try to explain how and why the crazed brain of an irresponsible boy faked this plausible claim. I do know, however, that the grandson of Grantford Bunker did not die in infancy. He lived to grow into a stalwart boy of seventeen. He has been with the Troddens for many years, passed by these two scheming people as their adopted son, Till. That boy is, however, Moses Bunker, the real heir to property willed by old Mr. Bunker sixteen years ago, and wrongfully withheld by Olivia and Tory Trodden."

At this the Trodden lawyer sprang quickly to his feet, protesting, while he turned with a smile toward Van Duke.

"We again admit that the gentleman from Chicago may be right. Nevertheless, this boy, known as Till, was accidentally killed in the woods some time ago. We are not admitting, however, that he was Moses Bunker, only declaring that even if Till were the heir, the property still holds in the hands of the present possessor, since he is dead."

Lawyer Van Duke, still smiling as the other sat down, went on:

"We are admitting a good many things here today, and we all admit that Olivia Trodden would still hold, as nearest relative, the property in question, had the boy called Till really been killed as stated. On the contrary, he is not only very much alive, but here in this courtroom at this minute. Mr. Flight, you may call Moses Bunker."

No less astonished than the majority present, Till Trodden suffered himself to be led to the front.

"Another sham claimant," sneered the Trodden counsel.

"A halfbreed at that!" jeered another.

"Here we have the rightful heir, under the will, of the Grantford Bunker property," pronounced Van Duke, in sonorous tones, flashing the lightning of his black eyes full upon Olivia Trodden. "There sits the woman who conspired with one Abraham Flight to rob the infant heir of his patrimony. For sixteen long years the iniquity has succeeded. Thanks to an awakened conscience, we have now the repentant man who held the wicked woman's secret ready to speak and tell the story of a mighty wrong. This boy," placing a hand on the head of Till, "is not a halfbreed. This stain of cheek and hand will come off—see!"

The speaker rolled down the collar of the lad at his side, revealing a pure white skin.

It was then that Lawyer Van Duke, prompted now and then by Flight, went on and told the whole dark story of the past. None was more surprised and dazed than the boy heir himself. The opposition protested, sneered, and inveighed all to no purpose. Van Duke even exposed a birthmark on Till's arm, giving a succinct account of so many things in the past that Olivia Trodden's nerves gave way, and she fell to the floor in a swoon.

When she came out of this she was hysterical, and made a full confession.

The family Bible taken by Billy Gabbs cut a considerable figure in the expose.

With Olivia's confession there was, of course, plain sailing for our boy hero. Abraham Flight was indeed a very repentant man. He had long seen the evil of what he had done. His brain had been long haunted, and it was a great relief for him to make a clean breast of the past.

"And now," said Ross Van Duke, as he sat talking with the heir on the day following the astounding revelations, "it is up to you to prosecute Mrs. Trodden for all this villainy."

"What would be the penalty?"

"A penitentiary term at least."

Moses Bunker dropped his chin into his palm, and sat thoughtfully regarding the carpet. At length he shook his head.

"I shan't do it," he said.

"Shan't do what, my boy?"

"Prosecute that woman. Although she was never very kind to me, yet, now that I have my rights and she is poor, I mean to let her go——"

"To the poorhouse, eh?"

"No, sir," raising his head, while a moist light filled his big gray eyes. "No, not there, Mr. Van Duke, but to a respectable home. I have talked with Mr. Hartington, the guardian appointed by the court, and have his permission to give Mrs. Trodden a few thousands, enough to make her comfortable for life."

"But you forgot," uttered the surprised lawyer. "That woman meant to cheat you out of every cent. She even rejoiced when she thought you had perished in the old well."

"Maybe that's so. Let it go. I can't prosecute a woman. My mother was a woman. I can't forget that, sir, and I'm going to see that Mrs. Trodden has a chance. She may do better in the future."

"With such an example as you will set, I don't see how she can well help it," and the great lawyer patted his boy client approvingly on the head.

Till Trodden died with the end of the will case, Moses Bunker coming on deck to take his place. As the heir to a million, you may be sure that he had friends by the score. Despite all his prosperity, the friends of his other days were not forgotten.

He persuaded his guardian to send Billy Gabbs to high school, and afterward to college, where the two boys still farternized as chums. Billy has the assured promise of a splendid position in the near future, with Moses still as friendly as of old.

Moses has not forgotten the Flights, either. Neva still remains the boy's friend. Through his influence she has been thoroughly educated. She has verified the promise of her girlhood, and is now a beautiful woman. Moses Bunker was seen coming away from her presence one day, the smile of an accepted lover on his handsome face.

Another most thrilling story for boys will begin in the Ledger next week. It is from the pen of Captain Jack Judson and is called "The Young Settlers; or, In the Days of Daniel Boone." Its scenes are laid in the days of pioneer hunters and Indian fighters, and it will keep you interested. Look out for it.

The End.

* * *

The Wall Street Nemesis.

(Continued from page six.)

of the weapon against Kendall's hot temple

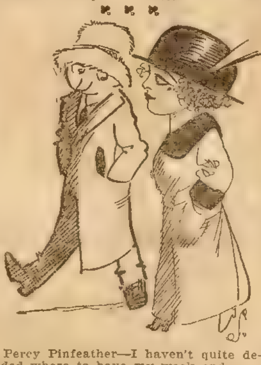
"Don't you make one false move, Paul Kendall," she ordered, in a tone that made him collapse weakly back against the cushioned seat.

"You remember this, don't you?" she asked as she pressed the revolver point more firmly against Kendall's head. "You gave it to me several years ago. You said some one might try to harm me—that I was in a dangerous business. Well, this is the first time I have ever had occasion to use it. Some one has been trying to harm me," she went on in tones of cutting sarcasm, "and so I'm in dangerous business. You make an outcry or a false move, Paul Kendall, and I'm prepared to send a bullet through your head."

Kendall knew Corra Dennard's character too well to doubt her word.

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *



Percy Pinfeather—I haven't quite decided where to have my week end.

Miss Pickles—Better keep your weak end right where it is—under your hat.

* * *

Was It Telepathy?

John Muir, in his new book, "My First Summer in the Sierras," relates a curious instance of telepathy. He spent the summer of 1869 in the beautiful wilderness around the Yosemite Valley. One day he was busily sketching on the North Dome, when suddenly he became possessed with the notion that his friend, Professor J. D. Butler of the University of Wisconsin, was below him in the valley. He jumped up, full of the idea of meeting him, being almost as much startled as if some one had unexpectedly touched him and made him look up. Instantly he went running down the slope and along the brink of the valley, looking for a way to the bottom, feeling drawn irresistibly.

Gradually his common sense convinced him that he could not possibly reach the hotel until after everybody would be asleep for the night. He therefore compelled himself to stop, but the next day he went into the valley and found that Professor Butler had arrived the evening before, unexpected by anybody. He had been four or five miles distant at the moment when Mr. Muir was so suddenly apprised of his presence.

"He had just entered the valley by way of the Coulterville trail," says the author, "and was coming past El Capitan when his presence struck me. Had he then looked toward the North Dome with a good glass he might have seen me jump up from my work and run toward him. This seems the one well defined marvel of my life of the kind called supernatural."

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Safety Razor FREE

Until they're gone we will sell our [illegible] year around weight navy BLUE WOOL SERGE MEN'S SUITS at $4.95, and as a premium now, we will give FREE with each suit at $4.95 a pair of *fine fancy striped worsted trousers*, and if you order within 30 days we will give as a special premium with the suit and extra trousers at $4.95 a highly nickeled, full size *safety razor*, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any $5.00 safety razor, regardless of name or make.

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The Free Trousers which we give with the suit at $4.95 are made of beautiful dark, fancy striped worsted, are very stylish, finely tailored and perfect fitting. This is the most astonishing and wonderful clothing offer ever made. We openly challenge any firm to equal it.

Send $1.00 deposit, mention No. X 41, give chest measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and height and weight, and we will send the fine navy blue wool serge suit and extra pair of elegant fancy striped worsted trousers and fine safety razor by express, subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance, $3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw, and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw at $10 to $12, and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood, regardless of price, otherwise we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book (BE SURE and ASK FOR BOOK No. 27) which contains 100 fine cloth samples of ready made suits at $4.85 up, trousers 98c up, overcoats $4.98 up, slip-on raincoats $4.50, cravenettes $5.00, and complete stocks of cold weather clothing such as fur coats, duck, corduroy and sheepskin clothing, sheep lined coats and all kinds of men's and youths' clothing. Order the outfit or write for the sample book No. 27 today. Do it now. If you need **Men's Furnishing Goods** send for our FREE CATALOG OF MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS. Fleece lined underwear 39c, ribbed heavy underwear 89c, sweaters 98c; wholesale price for hats, caps, gloves, shirts and every kind of apparel for men and boys.

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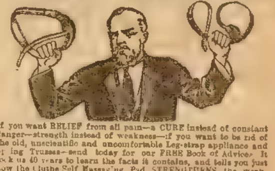
Trusses Like These Are a Crime



If you want RELIEF from all pain—a CURE instead of constant danger—strength instead of weakness—if you want to be rid of the old, unscientific and uncomfortable Leg-strap appliance and Spring Trusses—send today for our FREE Book of Advice. It took us 40 years to learn the facts it contains, and tells you just how the Cluthe Self Massaging Pad STRENGTHENS the weakened muscles, HOLDS with ease and CURES Rupture. Waterproof, durable, hygienic; sent under Guarantee Trial. Remember—NO body-spring, NO plaster, NO leg-strap. Write NOW for this free Rupture Book and 4,000 Public Endorsements. Just address

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Mattresses and Bedding.
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Springs,
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And under the **Spear System of Home Shopping,** you can make your selections to much greater advantage than if you were to visit even the largest City stores; because we offer you not only a vastly greater assortment, but you can make your choice **at home with your family at your elbow.**

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While our credit terms are the most liberal in the country, yet our prices are the lowest. This is because we buy goods in such vast quantities that we secure better prices than would be possible to smaller concerns, and by extending our business to tens of thousands of customers all over the country, we can afford to accept just one small added profit from each sale. We allow no store or factory on earth to undersell us. Get our prices and be your own judge of whether or not we save you from 20 to 40 per cent on your home furnishings. Those who take advantage of the **Spear System of Credit Buying** not only get the benefit of **quality** in the home furnishings they buy of us, but also make an actual saving of from one-fifth to one-half on their purchases. Old customers know this. New ones find it out on their very first order. That is why the **Spear Business** is growing by wonderful leaps and bounds.

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Anything you select from our Bargain Catalog will be shipped **on approval.** Keep the goods 30 days, then if not fully satisfied, the goods may be sent back at our expense and we'll refund your money. You can plainly see that under the **Spear System,** the goods must actually sell themselves, after a 30 days' home trial. If we were not absolutely sure of the sterling, depend[illegible] of our goods, we could not afford to make this offer. Every article shipped from the **House** [illegible] is sold under a guarantee, backed by over $1,000,000 capital and assets, to be precisely as described in the **Big Spear Bargain Catalog.** You simply **cannot** take any risk in dealing with us.

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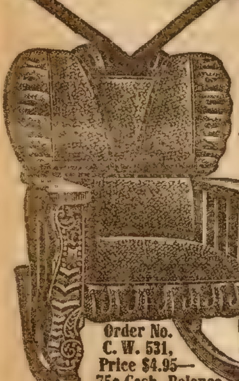

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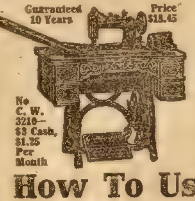
"Steinway Special" Sewing Machine

Fitted with High Arm, Improved Drop Head, Ball Bearing Iron Stand. Beautifully Carved Quartered Oak Case, highly glossed. Automatic Lift Head—Dust Proof Case. Full equipment of steel attachments and accessories.



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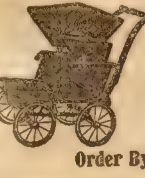
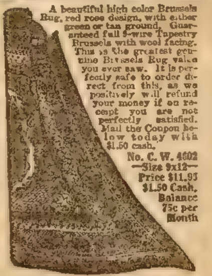
No. C. W. 118, Price $4.75— 75c Cash, 50c per Month—Frame made of best steel, nicely finished. Leatherette covering, comes in dark green. Cart is full size. Has 10—inch wheels—heavy rubber tires. When folded it may be run on two wheels, if desired, instead of carrying it.





A beautiful high color Brussels Rug, red rose design, with either green or tan ground. Guaranteed full 9-wire Tapestry Brussels with wool facing. This is the greatest genuine Brussels Rug value you ever saw. It is perfectly safe to order direct from this, as we positively will refund your money if on receipt you are not perfectly satisfied. Mail the Coupon below today with $1.50 cash.

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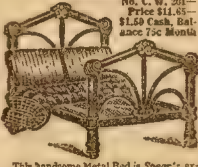

This handsome Metal Bed is *Spear's* exclusive design, and is an extraordinary bargain. A Complete Bed Outfit, consisting of heavy, perfectly constructed Iron Bed, any color, 4 ft. 6 ins. wide, a good woven wire spring with coil supports, 60 lb. cotton top mattress and 2 pillows, a l for $11.65. Money back if not delighted. Order by lower right hand corner Coupon.

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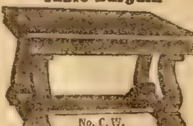

No. C. W. 3771.

Price, $8.95

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A large, heavy table 28 in. x 42 in. distinctive Colonial design, finished in American Quartered Oak, highly glossed, fitted with drawer. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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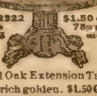

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A Solid Oak Extension Table, finished rich golden. **$1.50 Cash, 75c per Month.** Extends 6 feet. Has 42-inch top, heavy 8-inch fluted pillar and large claw feet. **30 days' free trial.**

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PICKLED PEPPERS

Fell in Action.

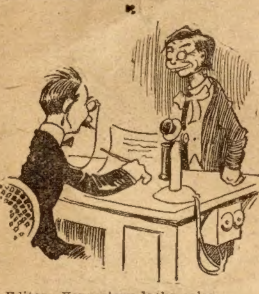
They were talking of war, and the young man mentioned that one of his ancestors was killed during the Revolution. "He was a brave man," he said, "and we were all very proud of his record."

The young woman looked pensive.

"I had an uncle who was killed in the Civil War, the very first battle he ever went to," she said. "He was only a private, so he hadn't made any record."

"That was hard," said the young man, "to be shot down in his first engagement."

"He wasn't shot down," said the young woman. "He fell and broke his neck when he was running down hill. I think war is awful cruel, don't you?"



Editor—Your story lacks color.

Author—Why, how you talk! One of the characters has scarlet fever.

Good Use for Beefsteak.

"You have some beefsteak, of course?" queried a man who had hurriedly entered a butcher's shop.

"Yes, sir."

"And beefsteak is good to take the color out of a black eye?"

"The best in the world, sir."

"Good! Save me two pounds for Riley."

"Which Riley?"

"The Riley who lives in Jones street. I'm going to black both his optics. He'll probably call in half an hour. Good evening!"

Twenty minutes later the same man came back with his coat in rags, his collar gone, his nose damaged and both eyes puffed up.

"Did you find Riley?" asked the butcher, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I did, sir, and he has kindly consented to let me use the beefsteak. Mr. Riley is a gentleman, sir!"

The Unexpected.

The automobilist had stopped at the humble cottage for a drink of water. On the table lay a penciled sketch. The stranger looked at it with interest.

"Why, that's quite good," he said.

"Our son drew it," the woman told him.

"Indeed! It certainly shows promise. The little fellow should be encouraged. I'd like to talk with him. Where is he? At school?"

"No, sir. He's in New York."

"In New York?"

"Yes, sir. He's been a magazine illustrator for ten years."

A Crop Bulletin.

Five-year-old Ella had been enthusiastically engaged in garden work all the spring. She was especially interested in planting seed and watched anxiously for sprouts to appear above the ground.

One day, while visiting a neighbor who possessed a six-months-old baby, Ella was delighted to see two tiny front teeth displayed when the baby smiled.

"Oh, Mrs. May!" the little girl cried, excitedly, "the baby's teeth have come up!"

The Only Way.

A young man, unhappily married and practically penniless, took his tale of woe to a prominent divorce attorney in Chicago and concluded with this:

"I'm too poor to pay much for a divorce, but my wife makes my life miserable. After I get home, at six o'clock in the evening, I get no peace until I go to sleep. What would you advise?"

"After considering all the facts in your case," said the lawyer, "I would suggest that you get a job which requires you to work all night."

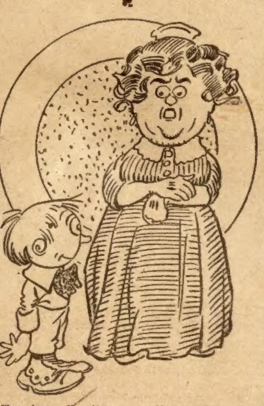
More Solemn Yet.

The man whose daughter had just been tied to the husband of her choice looked a little sad.

"I tell you, squire," he said to one of the wedding guests, a man of his own age, and himself the father of a number of unmarried girls—"I tell you it is a solemn thing for us when our daughters marry and go away."

The squire assented most heartily.

"I suppose it it," he conceded; "but I tell you it is more solemn when they don't."



Teacher—Don't you realize, Willie, that by keeping you in after school I punish myself as well as you?

Willie—Yes, teacher. That's why I don't mind it.

Success at Sea.

A youthful Canadian, who is possessed of the romantic idea of "going to sea" is meeting with much parental opposition.

"The sailor never amounts to anything, my boy," urged his prosaic father. "He works hard, has few holidays and never achieves great success."

"That's where you're mistaken," exclaimed young Canada, triumphantly. "Look at King George! He started out as a sailor and now he's got to be the head of the empire."

Effective Schemer.

Mrs. Metler—How in the world are you managing to keep your cook so long?

Mrs. Callits—My husband waxed the kitchen floor and she fell and broke her leg.

From
Our Ovens
To
Your Table
Untouched by human hands—

Post Toasties

—the aristocrat of Ready-to-Serve foods.

A table dainty, made of white Indian corn—presenting delicious flavour and wholesome nourishment in new and appetizing form.

The steadily increasing sale of this food speaks volumes in behalf of its excellence.

An order for a package of Post Toasties from your grocer will provide a treat for the whole family.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Want This Outfit? Live Agents—I Want To Pay You $3000 To Work For Me This Year

Talcum Powder
Buttermilk Soap
Pearl Tooth Paste
Shampoo
Cuticle Soap
Face Powder

I'VE got the greatest money making proposition in the country to offer **wide-awake men.** It is easy to pick up **$10 to $20 a day** representing me, and your business keeps getting better the longer you are with me.

By offering this "Lucky 'Leven" outfit (value $3.20) to your customers for only $1.00, don't you think you can make a hit in your town? It will pay you big, too.

Here Is the Explanation:

I am a big manufacturer in Chicago and sell only **through my representatives.** I make the **Finest Toilet Articles and Soaps** in the country. My scheme of introducing them is a tremendous money maker.

Big Money—Easy Work **We Back You** with our capital and experience and supply everything you need with full instructions so that you can start right out at once to make money. The goods sell themselves. You would understand this better if you saw my **Soap and Toilet Article Combinations.** I manufacture my own goods, and sell direct through my own representatives only—that's why you can offer better goods than others and undersell them 25 to 50% and still make for yourself 150 to 300% profit.

My claim that you can make $3000 per year is quite conservative—for you can actually make more than that if you want to hustle and put energy and ginger into your work.

What Others Are Doing G. O. Earnest for five consecutive days averaged $8.00 an hour profit. The following week one day he made $35.00 in 5 hours. E. F. Newcome averages 30 orders a day, a profit of over $15.00 a day. J. C. Messick reports 45 to 55 sales a day, averaging easily $20.00 daily profit. They are going at a clip away beyond the $3,000 a year mark set for you. It is partly up to the man—UP TO YOU—our nobby goods and "the plan" do the rest.

Special Offer I want a live agent at once in every community, and in order to establish an agent in your territory I am making a **Special Offer** whereby you can get this entire outfit, with a handsome plush lined leatherette case, without any cost to yourself, if you reply at once. Get my literature and valuable information now. This is no ordinary proposition—I TALK big money for you and I MEAN IT. You can't afford NOT to write, no matter how much of a doubter you may be. Just a postal or a letter saying "send me your plans," will bring you the whole proposition FREE. Send today, address:

E. M. DAVIS, Pres., E. M. Davis Soap Co., 610 Davis Building, Chicago, Ill.

This Handsome Brass Clock FREE!

THE NEWEST —AND— BEST OFFER

Actual Size

This handsome brass clock is a time meter that will grace your table or mantel piece with beauty and adornment. It is made of brass with the brush brass finish. The dial is plain white and, as you see, the hands are gracefully designed to point to the hours and minutes in the plainest manner. The glass covering the dial is beveled and thick so that it can stand rough handling. The works are especially imported and have a thirty-two hour movement, that is, it needs to be wound only once in thirty-two hours.

The stands holding the clock up are also of brass, secure and very strong. In the back the winding and setting screws are well made and are large enough so that your fingers can reach them. The whole clock is designed to combine the best time keeping in the neatest and most compact form possible. But, above all—

WE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE IT

against defects, for [illegible] is thoroughly tested, examined and regulated before it leaves the factory, and if there are any defects in the material and workmanship, you can return it at once at our expense.

It will look well on your mantel-piece or on your table among your best things. Hour after hour, year after year it faithfully performs its duty of telling you the correct time.

With this little mountain of dependability you will be on time for your appointments and always have a standard time-piece in your house for your whole family to set their watches by.

This is, indeed the most beautiful and valuable premium we have offered, and this offer will appeal to thousands of our readers, for this clock is **absolutely free.**

Read Below How to Get the Clock Free, and get it at once, for we are able to make this big offer only through a lucky purchase and the supply is limited.

How to Get the Beautiful Brass Clock Free

There are four ways to get this clock FREE. The first way is to send us $2.00 for a year's subscription to The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger together, and on receipt of your subscription, we will send you this handsome brass clock free, all charges prepaid.

The second way is: If you prefer either one of these great papers for yourself get some friend to send their subscription to either one of the papers along with yours and send us the $2.00, and we will send you the clock absolutely free, all charges prepaid. Of course, your friend would not be entitled to the clock, but the good value of the Blade and Ledger should appeal enough to induce your friend to give you the subscription.

The third way is, if any of your friends do not wish to subscribe for the paper for a whole year, you may send in two six-months' subscriptions along with your yearly subscription and we will send the clock to you all charges prepaid.

The fourth way is, if you do not know some friend who is willing to send a subscription to either the Blade or Ledger along with yours send your own subscription for the paper that you want for two years.

We Treat Old and New Subscribers Alike on This Offer.

If you are already a subscriber to the Blade and Ledger send us $2.00 and we will renew your subscription for one year from the time it expires. If you only take one of the papers and do not care to take the other send us $2.00 to renew your subscription for two years, and we will send the clock.

Don't fail to take advantage of this offer, for it is one of the best offers made. You will realize when you get the clock what a beautiful time piece it is.

With your order just say you want the Brass Clock.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Canada Subscription price: Blade and Ledger $3 a year. Either paper, $1.50 a year.

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STOMACH SUFFERERS

Avoid Dangerous Operations. Let Me Send You a

Free $1.00 Bottle

of My Wonderful STOMACH REMEDY

I will guarantee it to cure the most chronic cases and I want every one suffering from **Stomach, Liver or Intestinal Troubles and Gall Stones** to send at once for a **Free Bottle.**

Don't allow your Stomach Trouble to become so bad that an operation is necessary. Don't permit an operation until you have at least tried this FREE Bottle.

It is a positive and permanent cure for

Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress after eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache, Appendicitis and Gall Stones

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with **mucoid and catarrhal accretions**, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits—only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to, and I again repeat I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to you absolutely Free so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from Gall Stones. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and Gall Stones should not hesitate a moment, but send for this Free treatment at once.

I have watched sick people for years and have reached out my hands to thousands in the great depth of the Valley of Despair and brought them into the light of life and happiness. I want you, and each one suffering to know the full joys of living with every part of your system in beautiful accord and in absolute perfect harmony. This is possible if you will take this wonderful remedy. A FREE BOTTLE will positively prove it.

Don't Lose Hope

Why suffer with stomach trouble? Why give up hope—and despair of ever being cured? If other treatments have failed and you feel disheartened, don't allow it to discourage you from sending for this Free bottle. Don't say to yourself that it will not help you, before you have tried it, as it costs you nothing to take this wonderful remedy and judge for yourself its marvelous powers. You will, like the thousands of others who have been cured, bless the hour and offer fervent thanks for this wonderful remedy that has brought back your health.

Why suffer with those horrid griping pains that cut like a knife? They rob you of all the sweets of happiness. Each morning means another day of torture and agony; each meal is looked forward to with pain. No matter what you eat, you suffer. Life is one continual round of "Don't eat this and don't eat that." You can't sit down to a table, spread with necessities of life and know that you are going to enjoy them; that they are going to be turned into rich, red blood and strength which will give you vitality, health and happiness.

Almost every one who takes it declares that they have not felt so well in years since they have taken **the first bottle, and this benefit is an entirely natural one, as the remedy contains no opiate, stimulant or any poisonous or injurious ingredients whatever.** They are able to eat anything they want—even forget they have such a thing as a stomach. No more of the gnawing, aching dull sensations, no more paroxysms of pain, belching of gases, and other symptoms of indigestion that stomach trouble produces.

A Few Names of People who have taken My Wonderful Stomach Remedy—and who state they have been CURED of various Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments and Gall Stones.

Phil Strain, Bloomington, Ill.
Alma Loving, Russellville, Miss.
Mrs. Thomas Mulvihill, Detroit, Mich.
Mattie Kirkham, Fountain Head, Tenn.
W. G. Riddell, Burlington, Ky., Rd. No. 9
Mrs. E. P. Cady, Auburn, N. Y.
H. D. Chappell, Agt. Amer. Exp. Co., Scotland, Archer Co., Tex.
W. H. Kingsley, Beulah, Miss.
J. W. Blackburn, Fryatt, Ark.
Henry Oaks, New River, Tenn.
Henry Thomas, Mahrud, Miss.
Mr. M. A. McCann, Norwalk, Ohio.
Ralph Johnson, McComb, Miss.
Rob. Eggers, Trade, Tenn.
Mrs. Callie Wells, 1123 Harrison St., Guthrie, Okla.
S. R. Allen, Buckeye, W. Va.
Chas. L. Morse, 8 Pearl St. Middleboro, Mass.
W. P. Cole, Medina, Tenn.
Fred Zwicke, Grand Rapids, Wis.
Estelle McAllister, Ludlow, S. D.
B. A. Dooley, 92 Union St., Clinton, Mass.
Mrs. E. C. Daughtery, Conway, Pa., Beaver, Co.
Sarah E. Johnson, 1107 Bell St. Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Mrs. D. Burghduff, 75 Walnut St., Auburn, N. Y.
John Driver, Dunkirk, Ind.
W. D. Barr, 601 Walnut St., Irwin, Pa.
Mr. W. E. Cobb, Wichita Falls, Kans.

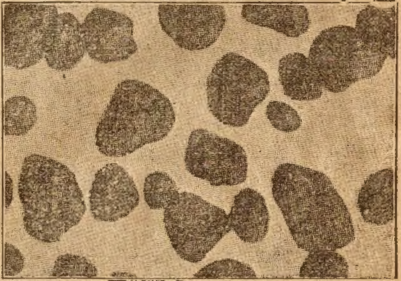
My last word to you—Don't permit a dangerous operation. Not until you have tried this **FREE BOTTLE.** I care not how long you have suffered or how severe your case may be, I am confident my wonderful and harmless remedy will entirely and quickly restore you to perfect health without any ill effect. It has saved thousands from operations. It should you. I believe that eighty per cent of the operations are unnecessary and the knife could be avoided if the proper method of treatment was administered. Quite often sufferers of Stomach and Intestinal ailments or Gall Stones are told they have cancer of the stomach and other rare diseases.

GEO. H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
388 Mayr Building, 156 Whiting Street, Chicago

References: Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

Don't suffer all this pain; don't dose yourself with every medicine and try every treatment, when Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy, which has cured and made thousands and thousands of sufferers happy is offered to you. Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is absolutely pure and harmless. It is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Act—Serial No. 25792. This medicine has been successfully taken by children of nine years of age, and by old people of eighty-eight years and will not harm you in any way.

Below we show an exact Photograph—actual size of Poisonous Catarrhal Mucoid and Bile Accretions removed by my remedy. They are the causes of about 99% of all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments.



You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to CURE.

Read These Letters

WHAT A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN HAS TO SAY OF MY WONDERFUL STOMACH REMEDY.

Sept. 12th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—My wife received your letter and treatment a few days ago. She took the medicines as per directions Saturday with wonderful results, as she passed a large quantity of gall stones of various sizes. I will send you a money order herewith for balance of treatment. Have recommended you to several that I know need your treatment. I have practiced medicine 20 years and have used Olive Oil treatments for a long time for my wife, and I can assure you that your combination greatly surprised me. You shall hear from me again soon.

Yours gratefully,
ERNEST VINCENT, M. D.

WHAT A TRAINED NURSE HAS TO SAY.

Aug. 24th, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—To begin with I am a trained nurse and I had two patients that the doctors seemed unable to reach with their medicines and were trying to persuade the patient to submit to the knife. A friend who has tried your Wonderful medicine proposed that I recommend it to my patient, so I did. They agreed to try the medicine if I would try the sample on myself. To please my patients was why I sent for the sample. I know that your medicine is wonderful because it has cured Mrs. Clark Fitzsimmons of Orofino, Idaho and Mrs. Charley Frear of the same place. I am very glad that I was able to recommend your medicine to them.

LINNETTE HAVEL, Trained Nurse,
Box 284, Orofino, Idaho.

CURED AFTER FIVE YEARS SICKNESS.

Mr. George H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

I am pleased to inform you that I ordered a full treatment the latter part of March. It cured me after a five years spell of sickness. I ordered a free bottle for a neighbor. Now I must tell you it is through me you are getting so many orders from Willard and Yelton Post Offices. I sojourned through Eastern Colorado and sang your praises and left your address wherever I went. I have not written you at an earlier date as I have just waited to see if I stayed cured before I let you know. Your remedy is surely a wonder. The Doctors told me I had appendicitis and would soon die if I were not operated on, I was lying in bed about all the time with misery most of the time for five years. I took treatment during March, have been busy ever since. It is the only medicine that hit the sore spot.—L. C. MOREHEAD, Willard, Oklahoma.

Doctor Said Cancer of the Stomach

July 22, 1911.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I write you this morning that I took my last drop of medicine yesterday morning and am now free from gall stones. It has made a new man of me. Sleep well, eat what I want and feel fine. No soreness left but I have some large boils. I think it drove them out. The Doctors said I had cancer of the stomach, and nothing would do but to be operated on, but they were mistaken. I have spent lots of money before and only got temporary relief, but I assure you I feel all right now. Passed about 400 gall stones.

Yours truly, WM. CAMPBELL,
Denver, Missouri

More Benefit Than From a $100 Treatment

May 31, 1910.

Mr. Geo. H. Mayr, Chicago, Ill.

I rec'd the treatment you sent and can truthfully say I got more benefit from it than from a hundred dollar treatment I took last winter.

Very Respectfully,
MISS F. A. HARNESS,
1020 Pacific Ave., Bremerton, Wash.

Fill out this FREE coupon now and mail to me. The full $1.00 bottle will be sent you without delay. Send no money—your name and address on the coupon is all—MAIL IT TODAY—WRITE PLAINLY.

GEO. H. MAYR, MFG. CHEMIST, 388 **Mayr Bldg., 156 Whiting St., Chicago**

Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name ....

Address .... *City* ....

County .... *State* .... *Express Office* 888

HEALTH

Art of Forgetting.

One of the most valuable assets you can possess is a well-trained memory. This does not mean one that retains everything, good and bad. It often happens that the memory retains too much, and one is hampered by the continual flashing on the mental screen of undesirable pictures.

If the day brings you a disagreeable incident, ponder it long enough to extract therefrom its lesson; all experiences have lessons attached to them. See if you have been at fault in any way for what happened, through passion, weakness, indecision, carelessness, or any other wrong attribute. Grenville Atkins writes in the Nautilus. Lay to heart the lesson, whatever it may be, as a safeguard against future mistakes; then resolutely shut the incident itself out of your mind, that its shadows may not obscure the path before you. Constant dwelling on past blunders will so sap your strength and confuse your judgment that you will constantly find yourself falling into error. In avoiding Scylla you will run on Charybdis, and then frightened by what you have done, you will rush so far the other way as to collide with Scylla again.

It is only when you are calm that you can exercise your judgment as you should, and if the mind is continually disturbed by discordant voices from the hall of memory any unexpected situation will have power to trip you up.

One of the best methods of training yourself to forget an unpleasant thing quickly is to turn your thoughts immediately to some subject of a totally different nature, so that no chance association of ideas may usher in again the unwelcome guest you are trying to bar out. Think of something so interesting that only an invitation is needed to make it rest content in your mind. This will discourage the intrusive thought, and its next attempt at gaining an entrance will be feebler, and the next feebler still, until at last it slinks away into the shadows to return no more.

The method of postponement is an excellent one also. When you feel that you simply must brood over some unpleasantness that has wrought up your feelings, forbid yourself to entertain the thought for a specified length of time—say half an hour. The idea that in a little while you will be free to fret yourself as much as you like will quiet your impatience. (This hint is for those who are just beginning to discipline their thoughts, and find the task a difficult one). When the half-hour is up, you will probably be so interested in something else that the desire to think of the unpleasant incident will be less keen; then postpone doing so for, say, an hour. Keep this up, lengthening the time of prohibition, and by and by the bugaboo will die a natural death or else you will see that you were wrong and not it, and that consequently all the trouble was a shadow cast by your own perturbed mind.

Keep a sieve over your memory, that it may allow only the finer things to find a resting place there, while the coarse dross is cast aside.

Right Use of Tea.

Tea taken in proper quantities, freshly made, acts as a stimulant to the stomach and causes a secretion of gastric juices, acting as an aid to digestion and is beneficial. The harm comes when the drinker resorts to its use as a whim or habit. It is not any particular beverage in itself that is deleterious to health, but rather the immoderate use of it that works injuriously to the nervous system. It is claimed that the greatest harm resulting from the use of tea results among poor people, who buy and use the cheaper grades of tea, boiling or steeping it continuously.

Health Notes.

Drying the children's hair does not take half as long if the towels are heated. With a radiator it is a simple matter to keep several towels warm, and by using them in rotation it is surprising how fast the hair may be dried.

Silk stockings are not suitable for wear in cold weather, as they retain the moisture that should pass through the stockings. Many aching, tender feet are due to silk hosiery. Merino hosiery is much better for winter—not sufficiently heavy to cause perspiration.

If the soles of the feet are sensitive a layer of newspaper inside the shoe will sometimes remove the difficulty, but better still are some of the foot powders that come for the purpose. Applied to the soles of the feet they prevent perspiration and give general relief.

There is wonderful recreation in cheerfulness. The person who laughs often and heartily need have little fear of insomnia or insanity. Those who laugh are not only, as a rule, healthy people, but they are, also longer-lived and successful. They get rid of a thousand trifles which perplex and upset the nerves and make others disagreeable, morose and melancholy.

The question of using soap on the face is a vexed one. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, it is said, has never touched soap to her face, and her wonderful complexion is famous world wide. But we must remember the numberless cosmetics at a queen's command that make soap unnecessary. Perhaps the best thing is to use soap once a day if a cream is not employed; twice or three times a week if it is.

Face powder does not always suit a dry skin, and it should in all cases be preceded by the application of a skin food or a cream of some sort; animal fats in cream should be avoided, as it is claimed that where there is a tendency to superfluous hair the animal fat increases it. This may or may not be true. Cream should be rubbed well into the skin, left for some time, then rubbed off and the powder applied carefully. As nothing injures the skin more than the cheap, impure powders, one should always be careful to purchase a good brand.

The first wrinkle of age comes on the side of the cheek just in front of the ear, and its possessor is, as a rule, the last person to notice it. Just behind the ear there is usually a falling off of the roundness of the neck, and the hair becomes thin, leaving a bald look on the woman over 40 if she is not careful to remedy these important blemishes. Massage will do more for these growing imperfections than almost any other facial defect.

When dry shampoos do not agree with the scalp, try this substitute for a wet one, recommended by hairdressers: Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth. Rub well into the hair. Dry out in the air, if possible. Now give it a thorough brushing, the egg will brush out readily, and it will remove the oil and leave the hair delightfully fluffy. In addition to this desirable effect, it also has the recommendation of being permanently beneficial to the hair and scalp.

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75c leed 7 Yrs. Per Roll | 1 PLY Guaranteed 9 Yrs. 93c Per Roll | 2 PLY Guaranteed 12 Yrs. $1.19 Per Roll | 3 PLY Guaranteed 15 Yrs. $1.47 Per Roll

Way under regular mill price we just bought 100 cars of rubber roofing and as long as it lasts you can have it at our wonder cut prices. *This is No. 1 rubber roofing, as good as any rubber roofing*, regardless of brand or price. Suitable for old roofs, new roofs and over old shingles. Any one can lay it. No special tools needed. No coating or painting. Fire proof, water proof. Strong and flexible. *Guaranteed 7 to 15 years*, but will last a life time. Made of best long fibre wool felt. Saturated with non-sweating, non-evaporating, non-running, non-cracking special compound. Both sides are heavily COATED WITH PERPETUAL COATING PRESERVATIVE Never dries or brittles. Fume, gas, vapor and steam proof. Absolutely non-tainting. Rolls are 32 in. wide, contain 108 sq. ft. and will cover 100 sq. ft. Nails, directions for laying, cement for cementing laps sent with each roll.

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75 A ROLL
93 A ROLL
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Order From This Offer for at these prices the 100 cars will go quick. Send a deposit of 1-5 the amount of order — if the order is $5.00, send $1.00 deposit. If $10.00, send $2.00 and so on. State quantity wanted, figuring one roll will cover 100 sq. ft., and we will send the roofing C. O. D. by freight, subject to examination. The balance and freight charges you pay the agent after you find the roofing perfectly satisfactory, the equal of any rubber roofing you ever saw at double our price and a more wonderful bargain in roofing paper than you ever imagined possible. Otherwise have the agent return it at our expense and we will instantly refund your deposit.

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No matter how many pairs of shears or scissors you have, you need a pair of these with the Tension Spring. After you use them once you will never go back to the old fashioned kind. They are perfectly finished and full nickel plated and the **Manufacturer's Guarantee Certificate accompanies every pair.**

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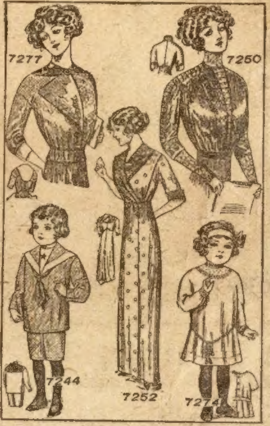

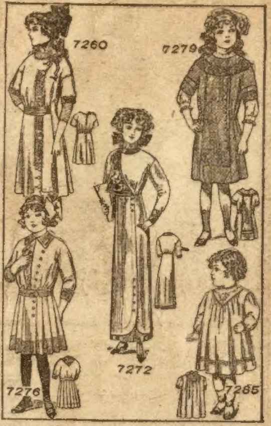

7277—Blouse with Front Closing, sizes 34 to 44 bust. For the medium size will be required 1⅝ yards of material 36 inches wide, with ⅞ yard 21 inches wide for collar and cuffs.

7250—Fancy Peasant Blouse, sizes 34 to 42 bust. For the medium size will be required 2 yards 36 inches wide with 1⅝ yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide and ⅞ yard of lace banding to trim as illustrated.

7252—Empire Negligee, 34 to 44 bust. For the medium size the gown will require 7½ yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 inches wide and 5 yards of lace for the frills.

7244—Boy's Middy Suit, 4 to 8 years. For the 4-year size will be required 2⅜ yards 36 inches wide with ⅝ yard of broadcloth to trim as illustrated.

7274—Child's One-Piece Dress, 2 to 6 years. For the 4-year size will be required ¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard for yoke when made of contrasting material.

7260—Girl's Dress, sizes 10 to 14 years. For the 12-year size will be required 4½ yards 36 inches wide, with ⅝ yard 21 inches wide for the trimming.

7279—Girl's Dress, sizes 8 to 12 years. For the 10-year size will be required 4¼ yards 27 inches wide, or 3 yards 36 inches wide.

7272—Semi-Princess Dress for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years. For the 16-year size will be required 3½ yards 36 inches wide, with 1¾ yards 27 inches wide for the foundation and trimming, ⅛ yard 18 inches wide for collar.

7276—Girl's Dress with Front Closing, 8 to 12 years. For the 10-year size will be required 3¼ yards 36 inches wide.

7265—Child's Pointed Yoke Dress, 6 months, 1, 2 and 4 years. For the 2-year size will be required 2⅛ yards 36 inches wide, with 1 yard of edging to trim as shown in the front view, ⅝ yard 18 inches wide to make as shown in the back view.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

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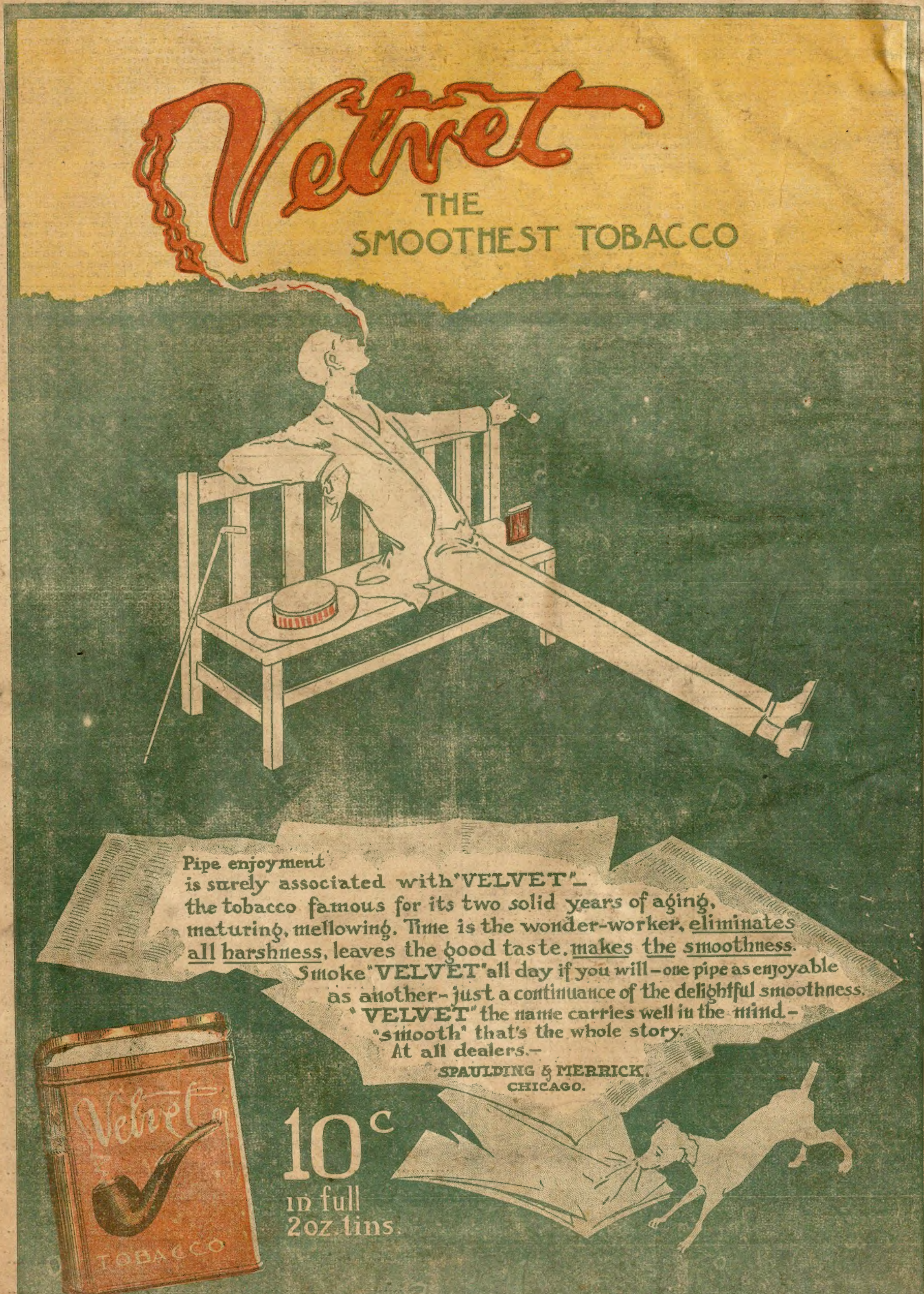

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